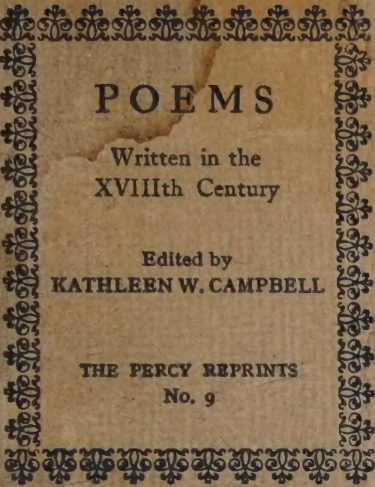


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POEMS

Written in the
XVIIIth Century

Edited by
KATHLEEN W. CAMPBELL

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POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Written in the Eighteenth Century

The Percy Reprints

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POETRY
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JACOBIN
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SIONS
- WRITTEN IN THE EIGHTEENTH
CENTURY
- X A JOURNEY INTO ENGLAND.
By PAUL HENTZNER

POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Written in the Eighteenth Century

Edited by

KATHLEEN W. CAMPBELL

*Sometime Lecturer in English Literature in the University of Aberdeen,
and in King's College, University of London.*



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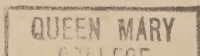
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PREFACE

THIS Anthology was designed in the first place to meet the difficulties I experienced when reading eighteenth-century poetry with university students. There was no collection of the best and most characteristic poetry of the century to put before them. Anthologists have always been busy on the poetry of the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries, and, moreover, it is both possible and necessary in those periods to study a few great poets in detail. In the eighteenth century, however, Pope stands alone. Augustan poets, voluminous though their works often were, only occasionally wrote anything with a claim on interests outside those of the professional student.

It may fall to the lot of some to study the epics of Blackmore—even more curious things have been done for amusement—but those elusive persons the average reader and the average student will never take a real delight in *Creation* or *Redemption*, even were they available, though they might be quite willing to be interested and entertained by poems like *The Spleen* or *The Schoolmistress*, which are equally inaccessible. The possession of a comprehensive library of Augustan literature is the privilege of the select few, and university or school bookshelves will scarcely furnish more than one copy of Green or Shenstone. It seemed therefore desirable to collect together in an accessible form as many as possible of those poems of the century which would best represent its excellencies and varieties, not only for students, as was first planned, but for those growing numbers who are turning with new interest to the Augustans.

We who were long ago sealed of the tribe of Pope may perhaps be allowed to view this revival with mixed feelings. We had for so long rejoiced in the privacy and selectness of our trim and formal garden that we had almost come to think of it as with a notice at the gateway, *Trespassers will be Prosecuted*. Now there are many who, with the enthusiasm of pioneers, are cutting

Preface

down its screening hedges. The public right of way is all but established, and necessity, which is the mother of so many virtues, now leaves us no choice but to be generous and try to guide newcomers to the unobtrusive flowers whose delicate fragrance had long delighted us. We shall not have to deal with a crowd, for Augustan poetry will never be popular. It is too purely artistic in its inspiration and attitude to life ; but for those who take pleasure in anything perfectly and delicately done, who are in sympathy with the urbane and the sophisticated, and who set store by tranquillity, the Augustans will always have their appeal.

Considerations of space more than anything have had to determine the omissions which are the inevitable drawback to every anthology. The original plan of the book included the *Elegy*, *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, *The Deserted Village*, Thomson's *Winter*, a larger selection from Gay, and additional hymns. When curtailment became necessary it seemed best to omit these. With the possible exception of *Winter* they can all be obtained at little cost, and as the chief purpose of the anthology was to make accessible the lesser-known poems of the century, it seemed preferable to omit those already well-known in favour of those which deserve to be better known. The exclusion of Pope was determined on both practical and literary grounds. His complete poems, as well as being necessary to anyone studying or interested in Augustan poetry, are within the reach of all. A selection, to be adequate, would have to occupy more space than could be assigned to it except at the expense of poets such as Swift or Churchill who are not easy of access, and who both need and repay selection. It is true that by the omission of the greatest of Augustan poets and of three of the century's masterpieces the collection may be exposed to the charge of being a selection only of the second-rate. I hope I have avoided this by the inclusion of poems by Gay and Prior, Gray and Collins, *Retaliation* and the best of the hymnology.

Preface

The date 1700 has been taken for the earliest poem, and the last poem of Dr. Johnson (*Lines on the Death of Mr. Levett*, 1782) determines the latest date for inclusion. This excludes, rightly, the work of Cowper and Crabbe, neither of whom was Augustan in inspiration, and that of Burns, whose literary genealogy is alien. For the same reason the Jacobite and other Scotch songs of the period are also omitted.

An Anthology is in its nature incomplete, and much still remains to be done for the eighteenth century. In a recent anthology which appeared while this book was in proof, Mr. Iolo Williams has brought to light some five hundred short, and for the most part lyrical poems, of varying merit, of which a large proportion are good enough to repay the labour of excavation. This collection, apart from the many delightful poems it contains, is valuable in illustrating the metrical variety of the century. Augustan genius, however, did not most readily express itself in lyric, and it is probable that the more characteristic forms—satire, familiar epistle, or burlesque—could be similarly collected in unsuspected excellence. The present collection, the preparation of which was interrupted and delayed by residence in India, was not designed to be more than an introduction and a starting-point for such research.

The arrangement of the poems is chronological. This method seemed the most critically significant, since it is possible in this way to note something of the fashions and literary progress of the century, to indicate its variety, and to place many well-known poems (notably hymns) in their correct literary setting. A grouping by authors, with its consequent juxtaposition of poems widely separated in date of composition, seems to produce a misleading effect. For example, of the poems quoted from John Byrom, the first is dated 1714, the last 1750. An arrangement under authors would place the 1750 poem ("Christians, awake") next to Sir W. Browne's *Epigram on the Universities* (1730) followed by Lord Chesterfield's *Lines written in a Lady's Sherlock*

Preface

(1755), a grouping both misleading and without any particular significance.

Arrangement under technical forms has little to recommend it, being at best artificial and only useful to readers studying one of these forms. It is often difficult to classify a poem accurately: the ode, lyric, and ballad as interpreted in the eighteenth century have much in common, as also have the descriptive and meditative poems. This method has further the grave disadvantage of grouping together the weakest poems—the lyrics.

The poems have been grouped in decades, to which they have been assigned by one of three methods, adopted in the following order: (1) by the date of composition if available; (2) if this cannot be ascertained (as is most often the case), by the date of first publication; (3) by the date of the author's death if the first publication was posthumous. Any special evidence for a date has been indicated in the notes.

Nearly all the poems chosen have been reprinted from the first edition or the earliest printed texts, but a few (chiefly hymns, and certain poems by Gray and Akenside) have been taken from later editions; the source of the text of each poem is indicated in the *Index of Sources*. The original spelling has been preserved, and also (with rare exceptions) the original punctuation. The use of italics and initial capitals has been followed in the text of the poems, though in the titles a certain amount of modification of the original typography was found to be inevitable.

My absence from England while this book was going through the press has considerably added to the general editor's duties, and it gives me pleasure here to express to him my thanks for his generous help.

I should wish to acknowledge my obligations to the late Professor Arber's *The Pope Anthology* (now out of print). I am also indebted to Professor H. J. C. Grierson for several valuable suggestions and, as at all times, for his kindly encouragement.

QUETTA.

K. C.

POEMS
ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS
Written in the Eighteenth Century

LES ESTREINES

SET BY MR. SMITH

ACCEPT, my love, as true a heart
As ever lover gave :
'Tis free (it vows) from any art,
And proud to be your slave.

Then take it kindly, as 'twas meant,
And let the giver live :
Who, with it, would the world have sent,
Had it been his to give.

And, that Dorinda may not fear
I e'er will prove untrue,
My vows shall, ending with the year,
With it begin anew.

New Year's Day, 170⁰₁.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

SONG OF THE ANGELS AT THE NATIVITY OF
OUR BLESSED SAVIOUR

WHILE Shepherds watch'd their Flocks by Night
all seated on the Ground,
The Angel of the Lord came down,
and Glory shone around.

Eighteenth-Century Poems

“ Fear not,” said he, (for mighty Dread
had seiz’d their troubled Mind)
“ Glad Tidings of great Joy I bring
to you and all Mankind ;
“ To you, in *David’s* Town this Day
is born of *David’s* Line,
“ The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord ;
and this shall be the Sign :
“ The heav’nly Babe you there shall find
to humane view display’d,
“ All meanly wrapt in swathing Bands,
and in a Manger laid.”

Thus spake the Seraph, and forthwith
appear’d a shining Throng
Of Angels praising God, and thus
address their joyful Song ;
“ All Glory be to God on high,
and to the Earth be peace ;
“ Goodwill, henceforth, from Heav’n to Men,
begin and never cease.”

NAHUM TATE.

TO A CHILD OF QUALITY

Five Years Old, the Author Forty. 1704.

LORDS, knights, and squires, the num’rous band,
That wear the fair miss *Mary’s* fetters,
Were summon’d by her high command,
To show their passions by their letters.

My pen amongst the rest I took,
Lest those bright eyes that cannot read
Should dart their kindling fires, and look,
The power they have to be obey’d.

Nor quality, nor reputation,
Forbid me yet my flame to tell ;
Dear five years old befriends my passion,
And I may write till she can spell.

1701-1710

For while she makes her silk-worms beds,
With all the tender things, I swear,
Whilst all the house my passion reads,
In papers round her baby's hair ;

She may receive and own my flame,
For tho' the strictest prudes shou'd know it,
She'll pass for a most virtuous dame,
And I for an unhappy poet.

Then too, alas ! when she shall tear
The lines some younger rival sends,
She'll give me leave to write I fear,
And we shall still continue friends.

For as our diff'rent ages move,
'Tis so ordained, wou'd fate but mend it,
That I shall be past making love,
When she begins to comprehend it.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT

AN ODE

Attempted in English Sapphick

WHEN the fierce North-wind with his Airy Forces
Rears up the *Baltick* to a foaming Fury ;
And the red Lightning with a Storm of Hail comes
Rushing amain down,

How the poor Sailers stand amaz'd and tremble !
While the hoarse Thunder like a bloody Trumpet
Roars a loud Onset to the gaping Waters
Quick to devour them.

Such shall the Noise be, and the wild Disorder,
(If things Eternal may be like these Earthly),
Such the dire Terror when the great Archangel
Shakes the Creation ;

Eighteenth-Century Poems

Tears the strong Pillars of the Vault of Heaven,
Breaks up old Marble, the Repose of Princes ;
Sees the Graves open, and the Bones arising,
Flames all around 'em.

Hark the shrill Outcries of the Guilty Wretches !
Lively bright Horror, and amazing Anguish,
Stare thro' their Eye-lids, while the living Worm lies
Gnawing within them.

Thoughts like old Vultures, prey upon their Heart-
strings,
And the smart twinges, when their Eye beholds the
Lofty Judge frowning, and a Flood of Vengeance
Rolling afore him.

Hopeless Immortals ! how they scream and shiver
While Devils push them to the Pit wide Yawning
Hideous and gloomy, to receive them headlong
Down to the Centre.

Stop here, my Fancy : (all away, ye horrid
Doleful Ideas !) come arise to *Jesus*,
How he sits God-like ! and the Saints around him
Thron'd, and adoring !

O may I sit there when he comes Triumphant,
Dooming the Nations : Then ascend to Glory,
While our *Hosannas* all along the Passage
Shout the Redeemer.

ISAAC WATTS.

SONG

BY CAPTAIN STEEL

ME *Cupid* made a Happy Slave,
A merry wretched Man,
I slight the Nymphs I cannot have,
Nor Doat on those I can.

1701-1710

This constant Maxim still I hold,
To baffle all Despair ;
The Absent Ugly are and Old,
The Present Young and Fair.

RICHARD STEELE.

THE DESPAIRING LOVER

DISTRACTED with Care,
For *Phillis* the Fair ;
Since nothing cou'd move her,
Poor *Damon*, her Lover,
Resolves in Despair
No longer to languish,
Nor bear so much Anguish ;
But, mad with his Love,
To a Precipice goes ;
Where, a Leap from above
Wou'd soon finish his Woes.

When in Rage he came there,
Beholding how steep
The Sides did appear,
And the Bottom how deep ;
His Torments projecting,
And sadly reflecting,
That a Lover forsaken
A new Love may get ;
But a Neck when once broken,
Can never be set ;
And, that he cou'd die
Whenever he wou'd ;
But, that he cou'd live
But as long as he cou'd :
How grievous soever
The Torment might grow,
He scorn'd to endeavour
To finish it so.

Eighteenth-Century Poems

But Bold, Unconcern'd
At Thoughts of the Pain,
He calmly return'd
To his Cottage again.

WILLIAM WALSH.

SONG

OF all the Torments, all the Cares,
With which our Lives are curst ;
Of all the Plagues a Lover bears,
Sure, Rivals are the worst !
By Partners, in each other kind,
Afflictions easier grow ;
In Love alone, we hate to find
Companions of our Woe.

Sylvia, for all the Pangs you see,
Are lab'ring in my Breast,
I beg not you would favour me,
Would you but slight the rest !
How great so'ere your Rigours are :
With them alone, I'll cope ;
I can endure my own Despair,
But not another's Hope.

WILLIAM WALSH.

IN IMITATION OF ANACREON

LET 'em Censure, what care I ?
The Herd of Criticks I defie.
Let the Wretches know I write
Regardless of their Grace, or Spight.
No, no, the Fair, the Gay, the Young,
Govern the Numbers of my Song ;
All that They approve is sweet,
And all is Sense that They repeat.

Bid the warbling Nine retire ;
Venus ! String thy Servant's Lyre :

1701-1710

Love shall be my endless Theme ;
Pleasure shall triumph over Fame :
And, when these Maxims I decline,
Apollo, may thy Fate be mine :
May I grasp at empty Praise ;
And lose the Nymph, to gain the Bays.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

AN ODE

THE Merchant, to secure his Treasure,
Conveys it in a borrow'd Name :
Euphelia serves to grace my Measure ;
But *Cloe* is my real Flame.
My softest Verse, my darling Lyre,
Upon *Euphelia's* Toylet lay ;
When *Cloe* noted her Desire,
That I should sing, that I should play.

My Lyre I tune, my Voice I raise ,
But with my Numbers mix my Sighs :
And, whilst I sing *Euphelia's* Praise,
I fix my Soul on *Cloe's* Eyes.

Fair *Cloe* blush'd, *Euphelia* frown'd ;
I sung and gaz'd, I play'd and trembl'd :
And *Venus* to the *Loves* around
Remark'd, how ill we all dissembl'd.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

SIGHT THRO' A GLASS, AND FACE TO FACE

I LOVE the Windows of thy Grace
Thro' which my Lord is seen,
And long to meet my Saviour's Face
Without a Glass between.

O that the happy Hour were come,
To change my Faith to Sight !
I shall behold my Lord at Home
In a diviner Light.

Eighteenth-Century Poems

Haste, my Beloved, and remove
These interposing Days ;
Then shall my Passions all be Love,
And all my Pow'rs be Praise.

ISAAC WATTS.

THE CHURCH THE GARDEN OF CHRIST

WE are a Garden wall'd around,
Chosen and made peculiar Ground ;
A little Spot inclos'd by Grace,
Out of the World's wide Wilderness.

Like Trees of Myrrh and Spice we stand
Planted by God the Father's Hand ;
And all his Springs in *Sion* flow,
To make the young Plantation grow.

Awake, O heavenly Wind, and come,
Blow on this Garden of perfume ;
Spirit Divine, descend and breathe
A gracious Gale on Plants beneath.

Make our best Spices flow abroad,
To entertain our Saviour God :
And Faith and Love and Joy appear,
And every Grace be active here.

Let my beloved come, and taste
His pleasant Fruits at his own Feast.
I come, my Spouse, I come, he cries,
With Love and Pleasure in his Eyes.

Our Lord into his Garden comes,
Well pleas'd to smell our poor Perfumes,
And calls us to a Feast divine,
Sweeter than Honey, Milk, or Wine.

Eat of the Tree of Life, my Friends,
The Blessings that my Father sends ;
Your Taste shall all my Dainties prove,
And drink abundance of my Love.

1711-1720

Jesus, we will frequent thy Board,
And sing the Bounties of our Lord :
And the rich Food on which we live
Demands more Praise than Tongues can give.

ISAAC WATTS.

False though she be to me and Love,
I'll ne'er pursue Revenge ;
For still the Charmer I approve,
Tho' I deplore her Change.

In Hours of Bliss we oft have met,
They could not always last ;
And though the present I regret,
I'm grateful for the past.

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

AN EXTEMPORE INVITATION

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD, LORD HIGH TREASURER.
1712.

My LORD,

Our Weekly Friends To-morrow meet
At MATTHEW's Palace, in *Duke-street* ;
To try for once, if They can Dine
On Bacon-Ham, and Mutton-chine :
If weary'd with the great Affairs,
Which BRITAIN trusts to HARLEY's Cares,
Thou, humble Statesman, may'st descend,
Thy Mind one Moment to unbend :
To see Thy Servant from his Soul
Crown with Thy Health the sprightly Bowl :
Among the Guests, which e'er my House
Receiv'd, it never can produce
Of Honor a more glorious Proof—
Tho' DORSET us'd to bless the Roof.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

Eighteenth-Century Poems

ON A MISCELLANY OF POEMS

TO BERNARD LINTOTT

Ipsa varietate tentamus efficere ut alia aliis; quædam fortasse omnibus placeant.—PLIN. *Epist.*

As when some skilful Cook, to please each Guest,
Would in one Mixture comprehend a Feast,
With due Proportion and judicious Care
He fills his Dish with diff'rent sorts of Fare,
Fishes and Fowls deliciously unite,
To feast at once the Taste, the Smell, and Sight.

So, *Bernard*, must a Miscellany be
Compounded of all kinds of Poetry ;
The Muses O'lio, which all Tastes may fit,
And treat each Reader with his darling Wit.

Wouldst thou for Miscellanies raise thy Fame ;
And bravely rival *Jacob's* mighty Name,
Let all the Muses in the Piece conspire,
The Lyrick Bard must strike th' harmonious Lyre ;
Heroic Strains must here and there be found,
And Nervous Sense be sung in Lofty Sound ;
Let Elegy in moving Numbers flow,
And fill some Pages with melodious Woe ;
Let not your am'rous Songs too num'rous prove,
Nor glut thy Reader with abundant Love ;
Satyr must interfere, whose pointed Rage
May lash the Madness of a vicious Age ;
Satyr, the Muse that never fails to hit,
For if there's Scandal, to be sure there's Wit.
Tire not our Patience with Pindarick Lays,
Those swell the Piece, but very rarely please :
Let short-breath'd Epigram its Force confine,
And strike at Follies in a single Line :
Translations should throughout the Work be sown,
And *Homer's* Godlike Muse be made our own ;

1711-1720

Horace in useful Numbers should be sung,
 And *Virgil's* Thoughts adorn the *British* Tongue ;
 Let *Ovid* tell *Corinna's* hard Disdain,
 And at her Door in melting Notes complain :
 His tender Accents pitying Virgins move,
 And charm the list'ning Ear with Tales of Love.
 Let ev'ry Classick in the Volume shine,
 And each contribute to thy great Design :
 Through various Subjects let the Reader range,
 And raise his Fancy with a grateful Change ;
 Variety's the Source of Joy below,
 From whence still fresh revolving Pleasures flow.
 In Books and Love, the Mind one End pursues,
 And only Change th' expiring Flame renews.

Where *Buckingham* will condescend to give,
 That honour'd Piece to distant Times must live ;
 When Noble *Sheffield* strikes the trembling Strings,
 The little Loves rejoyce and clap their Wings,
Anacreon lives, they cry, th' harmonious Swain
 Retunes the Lyre, and tries his wonted Strain,
 'Tis He—our lost *Anacreon* lives again.
 But when th' illustrious Poet soars above
 The sportive Revels of the God of Love,
 Like *Maro's* Muse he takes a loftier flight,
 And towres beyond the wond'ring *Cupid's* Sight.

If thou wouldst have thy Volume stand the Test,
 And of all others be reputed Best,
 Let *Congreve* teach the list'ning Groves to mourn,
 As when he wept o'er fair *Pastora's* Urn.

Let *Prior's* muse with soft'ning Accents move,
 Soft as the Strains of constant *Emma's* Love :
 Or let his Fancy chuse some jovial Theme,
 As when he told *Hans Carvel's* jealous Dream ;
Prior th' admiring Reader entertains,
 With *Chaucer's* Humour, and with *Spencer's* Strains.

Eighteenth-Century Poems

Waller in *Granville* lives ; when *Mira* sings
With *Waller's* Hand he strikes the sounding Strings,
With sprightly Turns his noble Genius shines,
And manly Sense adorns his easie Lines.

On *Addison's* sweet Lays Attention waits,
And Silence guards the Place while he repeats ;
His Muse alike on ev'ry Subject charms,
Whether she paints the God of Love, or Arms :
In him Pathetick *Ovid* sings again,
And *Homer's Iliad* shines in his *Campaign*.
Whenever *Garth* shall raise his sprightly Song,
Sense flows in easie Numbers from his Tongue ;
Great *Phæbus* in his learned Son we see,
Alike in Physick, as in Poetry.

When *Pope's* harmonious Muse with pleasure roves,
Amidst the Plains, the murm'ring Streams and Groves,
Attentive Eccho, pleas'd to hear his Songs,
Thro' the glad Shade each warbling Note prolongs ;
His various Numbers charm our ravish'd Ears,
His steady Judgment far out-shoots his Years,
And early in the Youth the God appears.

From these successful Bards collect thy Strains,
And Praise with Profit shall reward thy Pains :
Then, while Calves-leather Binding bears the Sway,
And Sheep-skin to its sleeker gloss gives way ;
While neat old *Elzevir* is reckon'd better
Than *Pirate Hills'* brown Sheets and scurvy Letter ;
While print admirers careful *Aldus* chuse
Before *John Morphew*, or the weekly News :
So long shall live thy Praise in Books of Fame,
And *Tonson* yield to *Lintott's* lofty name.

JOHN GAY

THE Spacious Firmament on high,
With all the blue Etherial Sky,
And spangled Heav'ns, a Shining Frame,
Their great Original proclaim ;

1711-1720

Th' unwearied Sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's Power display,
And publishes to every Land
The Work of an Almighty Hand.

Soon as the Ev'ning Shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous Tale,
And nightly to the list'ning Earth
Repeats the Story of her Birth :
Whilst all the Stars that round her burn,
And all the Planets in their turn,
Confirm the Tidings as they rowl,
And spread the Truth from Pole to Pole.

What tho', in solemn Silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial Ball ?
What tho' nor real Voice nor Sound
Amid their radiant Orbs be found ?
In Reason's Ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious Voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
" The Hand that made us is Divine."
JOSEPH ADDISON.

ADIEU L'AMOUR

HERE end my Chains, and Thraldom cease,
If not in Joy, I'll live at least in Peace :
Since for the Pleasures of an Hour, '
We must endure an Age of Pain,
I'll be this abject thing no more,
Love, give me back my Heart again.

Despair tormented first my Breast,
Now Falshood, a more cruel Guest :
O ! for the Peace of Humankind,
Make women longer true, or sooner kind ;
With Justice, or with Mercy reign,
O Love ! or give me back my Heart again.

GEORGE GRANVILLE, LORD LANSDOWNE.

Eighteenth-Century Poems

A NOCTURNAL REVERIE

IN such a *Night*, when every louder Wind
Is to its distant Cavern safe confin'd ;
And only gentle *Zephyr* fans his Wings,
And lonely *Philomel*, still waking, sings ;
Or from some Tree, fam'd for the *Owl's* delight,
She, hollowing clear, directs the Wand'rer right :
In such a *Night*, when passing Clouds give place,
Or thinly veil the Heav'ns mysterious Face ;
When in some River, overhung with Green,
The waving Moon and trembling Leaves are seen ;
When freshen'd Grass now bears itself upright,
And makes cool Banks to pleasing Rest invite,
Whence springs the *Woodbind*, and the *Bramble-Rose*,
And where the sleepy *Cowslip* shelter'd grows ;
Whilst now a paler hue the *Foxglove* takes,
Yet checquers still with Red the dusky brakes :
When scatter'd *Glow-worms*, but in Twilight fine,
Shew trivial Beauties watch their hour to shine ;
Whilst *Salisb'ry* stands the Test of every Light,
In perfect Charms, and perfect Virtue bright :
When Odours, which declin'd repelling Day,
Thro' temp'rate Air uninterrupted stray ;
When darken'd Groves their softest Shadows wear,
And falling Waters we distinctly hear ;
When thro' the Gloom more venerable shows
Some ancient Fabrick, awful in Repose,
While Sunburnt Hills their swarthy Looks conceal,
And swelling Haycocks thicken up the Vale :
When the loos'd *Horse* now, as his Pasture leads,
Comes slowly grazing thro' th' adjoining Meads,
Whose stealing Pace, and lengthen'd Shade we fear,
Till torn-up Forage in his Teeth we hear :
When nibbling *Sheep* at large pursue their Food,
And unmolested Kine rechew the Cud ;
When *Curlews* cry beneath the Village-walls,
And to her straggling Brood the *Partridge* calls ;
Their short-liv'd Jubilee the Creatures keep,
Which but endures, whilst Tyrant-*Man* do's sleep :

1711-1720

When a sedate Content the Spirit feels,
And no fierce Light disturbs, whilst it reveals ;
But silent Musings urge the Mind to seek
Something, too high for Syllables to speak ;
Till the free Soul to a compos'dness charm'd,
Finding the Elements of Rage disarm'd,
O'er all below a solemn Quiet grown,
Joys in th' inferiour World, and thinks it like her Own :
In such a *Night* let Me abroad remain,
Till Morning breaks, and All's confus'd again ;
Our Cares, our Toils, our Clamours are renew'd,
Or Pleasures, seldom reach'd, again pursu'd.

ANNE FINCH, LADY WINCHILSEA.

THE SHEPHERD'S WEEK

TUESDAY ; OR, THE DITTY

Marian

YOUNG *Colin Clout*, a Lad of peerless *Meed*,
Full well could dance, and deftly tune the Reed ;
In every Wood his Carrols sweet were known,
In ev'ry Wake his nimble Feats were shown.
When in the Ring the Rustick Routs he threw,
The Damsels' Pleasures with his Conquests grew ;
Or when aslant the Cudgel threats his Head,
His Danger smites the Breast of ev'ry Maid,
But chief of *Marian*. *Marian* lov'd the Swain,
The Parson's Maid, and neatest of the Plain.
Marian, that soft could stroak the udder'd Cow,
Or with her Winnow ease the Barly-Mow ;
Marbled with Sage the hard'ning Cheese she press'd
And yellow Butter *Marian's* Skill confess'd ;
But *Marian* now devoid of Country Cares,
Nor yellow Butter, nor Sage Cheese prepares.
For yearning Love the witless Maid employs,
And Love say Swains, *all busie Heed destroys*.
Colin makes mock at all her piteous Smart,
A lass that *Cic'ly* hight, had won his Heart,

Eighteenth-Century Poems

Cic'ly the Western Lass, that tends the *Kee*,¹
The Rival of the Parson's Maid was she.
In dreary Shade now *Marian* lyes along,
And mixt with Sighs thus wails in plaining Song.

Ah woful Day ! ah woful Noon and Morn !
When first by thee my Younglings white were shorn ;
Then first, I ween, I cast a Lover's Eye,
My Sheep were silly, but more silly I.
Beneath the Shears they felt no lasting Smart,
They lost but Fleeces while I lost a Heart.

Ah, *Colin* ! canst thou leave thy Sweetheart true !
What I have done for thee, will *Cic'ly* do ?
Will she thy Linnen wash or Hosen darn,
And knit thee Gloves made of her own-spun Yarn ?
Will she with Huswife's Hand provide thy Meat,
And ev'ry *Sunday* Morn thy Neckcloth plait ?
Which o'er thy Kersey Doublet spreading wide,
In Service-Time drew *Cic'ly's* Eyes aside.

Where'er I gad I cannot hide my Care,
My new Disasters in my Look appear.
White as the Curd my ruddy Cheek is grown,
So thin my Features, that I'm hardly known ;
Our Neighbours tell me oft, in joking Talk,
Of Ashes, Leather, Oatmeal, Bran, and Chalk ;
Unwittingly of *Marian* they divine ;
And wist not that with thoughtful Love I pine.
Yet *Colin Clout*, untoward Shepherd Swain,
Walks whistling blithe, while pitiful I plain.

Whilom with thee 'twas *Marian's* dear Delight
To moil all Day, and merry-make at Night.
If in the Soil you guide the crooked Share,
Your early Breakfast is my constant Care.
And when with even Hand you strow the Grain,
I fright the thievish Rookes from off the Plain.
In misling Days when I my Thresher heard,
With nappy Beer I to the Barn repair'd ;
Lost in the Musick of the whirling Flail,
To gaze on thee I left the Smoaking Pail :

¹ *Kee*, a West-Country Word for Kine or Cows,

In Harvest when the sun was mounted high,
 My Leathern Bottle did thy Drought supply ;
 Whene'er you mow'd, I follow'd with the Rake,
 And have full oft been Sun-burnt for thy Sake ;
 When in the Welkin gath'ring Show'rs were seen,
 I lagg'd the last with *Colin* on the Green ;
 And when at Eve returning with thy Carr,
 Awaiting heard the gingling Bells from far,
 Strait on the Fire the sooty Pot I plac't,
 To warm thy Broth I burnt my Hands for Haste.
 When hungry thou stood'st *staring like an Oaf*,
 I slic'd the Luncheon from the Barly-Loaf ;
 With crumbled Bread I thicken'd well thy Mess.
 Ah, love me more, or love thy Pottage less !

Last *Friday's* Eve, when as the Sun was set,
 I, near yon Stile, three sallow Gypsies met.
 Upon my Hand they cast a poring Look,
 Bid me beware, and thrice their Heads they shook,
 They said that many Crosses I must prove,
 Some in my worldly Gain, but most in Love.
 Next Morn I miss'd three Hens and our old Cock,
 And off the Hedge two Pinner and a Smock.
 I bore these Losses with a Christian Mind,
 And no Mishaps could feel, while thou wert kind.
 But since, alas ! I grew my *Colin's* Scorn,
 I've known no Pleasure, Night or Noon, or Morn.
 Help me, ye Gypsies, bring him home again,
 And to a constant Lass give back her Swain.

Have I not sate with thee full many a Night,
 When dying Embers were our only Light,
 When ev'ry Creature did in Slumbers lye,
 Besides our Cat, my *Colin Clout*, and I ?
 No troublous Thoughts the Cat or *Colin* move,
 While I alone am kept awake by Love.

Remember, *Colin*, when at last Year's Wake,
 I bought the costly Present for thy Sake,
 Could'st thou spell o'er the Posie on thy Knife,
 And with another change thy State of Life ?
 If thou forgett'st, I wot, I can repeat,
 My Memory can tell the Verse so sweet.

Eighteenth-Century Poems

*As this is grav'd upon this Knife of thine,
So is thy Image on this Heart of mine.
But Woe is me ! Such Presents luckless prove,
For Knives, they tell me, always sever Love.*

Thus Marian wail'd, her Eyes with Tears brimfull,
When Goody *Dobbins* brought her Cow to Bull.
With Apron blue to dry her Tears she sought,
Then saw the Cow well serv'd, and took a Groat.

THURSDAY.; OR, THE SPELL

Hobnelia

Hobnelia seated in a dreary Vale,
In pensive Mood rehears'd her piteous Tale,
Her piteous Tale the Winds in Sighs bemoan,
And pining Eccho answers Groan for Groan.

“ I rue the Day, a rueful Day I trow,
The woful Day, a Day indeed of Woe !
When *Lubberkin* to Town his Cattle drove,
A Maiden fine bedight ¹ he hapt to love ;
The Maiden fine bedight his Love retains,
And for the Village he forsakes the Plains :
Return, my *Lubberkin*, these Ditties hear ;
Spells will I try, and Spells shall ease my Care.

*With my sharp Heel I three times mark the Ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.*

“ When first the Year, I heard the Cuckow sing,
And call with welcome Note the budding Spring,
I straitway set a running with such Haste,
Deb'rah, that won the Smock, scarce ran so fast.
'Till spent for lack of Breath, quite weary grown,
Upon a rising Bank I sat adown,
Then doff'd ² my Shoe, and by my Troth, I swear,
Therein I spy'd this yellow frizled Hair,

¹ Dight or bedight, from the Saxon word *dihtan*, which signifies to set in order.

² Doff and Don, contracted from the Words do off and do on.

As like to *Lubberkin's* in Curl and Hue,
As if upon his comely Pate it grew.

*With my sharp Heel I three times mark the Ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.*

" At Eve last *Midsummer* no Sleep I sought,
But to the Field a Bag of Hemp-seed brought,
I scatter'd round the Seed on ev'ry side,
And three times in a trembling Accent cry'd,
*This Hemp-seed with my Virgin Hand I sow,
Who shall my True-love be, the Crop shall mow.*
I strait look'd back, and if my Eyes speak Truth,
With his keen Scythe behind me came the Youth.

*With my sharp Heel I three times mark the Ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.*

" Last *Valentine*, the Day when Birds of Kind
Their Paramours with mutual Chirpings find ;
I rearily rose, just at the break of Day,
Before the sun had chas'd the Stars away ;
Afield I went, amid the Morning Dew
To milk my Kine (for so should Huswives do)
Thee first I spy'd ; and the first Swain we see,
In spite of Fortune, shall our True-love be ;
See, *Lubberkin*, each Bird his Partner take,
And can'st thou then thy Sweetheart dear forsake ?

*With my sharp Heel I three times mark the Ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.*

" Last *May-day* fair I search'd to find a Snail
That might my secret Lover's Name reveal ;
Upon a Gooseberry-Bush a Snail I found,
For always Snails near sweetest Fruit abound.
I seiz'd the Vermine, home I quickly sped,
And on the Hearth the milk-white Embers spread.
Slow crawl'd the Snail, and if I right can spell,
In the soft Ashes mark'd a curious *L* :
Oh, may this wondrous Omen lucky prove !
For *L* is found in *Lubberkin* and Love.

*With my sharp Heel I three times mark the Ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.*

Eighteenth-Century Poems

“ Two Hazel Nuts I threw into the Flame,
And to each Nut I gave a Sweet-heart's Name.
This with the loudest Bounce me sore amaz'd,
That in a Flame of brightest Colour blaz'd.¹
As blaz'd the Nut, so may thy Passion grow,
For 'twas *thy Nut* that did so brightly glow.²

*With my sharp Heel I three times mark the Ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.*

“ As Peascods once I pluck'd, I chanc'd to see
One that was closely fill'd with three times three,
Which when I crop'd, I safely home convey'd,
And o'er the Door the Spell in secret laid.
My Wheel I turn'd, and sung a Ballad new,
While from the Spindle I the Fleeces drew ;
The Latch mov'd up, when who should first come in,
But in his proper person—*Lubberkin*.
I broke my Yarn surpriz'd the Sight to see,
Sure Sign that he would break his Word with me.
Eftsoons I join'd it with my wonted Slight :
So may again his Love with mine unite !

*With my sharp Heel I three times mark the Ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.*

“ This *Lady-fly* I take from off the Grass,
Whose spotted Back might scarlet Red surpass.
*Fly, lady-bird, North, South, or East, or West,
Fly where the Man is found that I love best.*
He leaves my Hand, see to the West he's flown,
To call my True-love from the faithless Town.

*With my sharp Heel I three times mark the Ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.*

“ This mellow Pippin which I pare around
My Shepherd's Name shall flourish on the Ground.

¹ ——— ἐγὼ δ' ἐπὶ Δελφιδι δάφναν
αἰθω, χ' ὥς αὐτὰ λακέοι μετὰ καππυρίσασα.

THEOS.

² Daphnis me malus urit, ego hanc in Daphnide.

I fling th' unbroken Paring o'er my head,¹
 Upon the Grass a perfect *L* is read ;
 Yet on my Heart a fairer *L* is seen
 Than what the Paring marks upon the Green.

*With my sharp Heel I three times mark the Ground,
 And turn me thrice around, around, around.*

" This Pippin shall another Tryal make,
 See from the Core two Kernels brown I take ;
 This on my Cheek for *Lubberkin* is worn,
 And *Boobyclod* on t'other side is born.
 But *Boobyclod* soon drops upon the Ground,
 A certain Token that his Love's unsound ;
 While *Lubberkin* sticks firmly to the last ;
 Oh, were his Lips to mine but join'd so fast !

*With my sharp Heel I three times mark the Ground,
 And turn me thrice around, around, around.*

" As *Lubberkin* once slept beneath a tree,²
 I twitch'd his dangling Garter from his Knee ;
 He wist not when the hempen String I drew,
 Now mine I quickly doff of Inkle Blue.
 Together fast I tye the Garters twain,
 And while I knit the Knot repeat this Strain :
*Three times a True-love's Knot I tye secure,
 Firm be the Knot, firm may his Love endure.*

*With my sharp Heel I three times mark the Ground,
 And turn me thrice around, around, around.*

" As I was wont, I trudg'd last Market-Day
 To Town, with New-laid Eggs preserv'd in Hay.
 I made my Market long before 'twas Night,
 My Purse grew heavy and my Basket light.
 Straight to the Pothecary's Shop I went,³
 And in Love-Powder all my Mony spent ;

¹ Transque caput jace ; ne respexeris.—VIRG.

² Necte tribus nodis ternos, Amarylli, Colores
 Necte, Amarylli modo ; & Veneris dic vincula necto.
 VIRG.

³ Has Herbas, atque hæc Ponto mihi lecta venena
 Ipse dedit Mœris.—VIRG.

Eighteenth-Century Poems

Behap what will, next Sunday, after Prayers,
When to the Ale-house *Lubberkin* repairs,
These Golden Flies into his Mug I'll throw,¹
And soon the Swain with fervent Love shall glow.

*With my sharp Heel I three times mark the Ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.*

“ But hold—our *Lightfoot* barks, and cocks his Ears,²
O'er yonder Stile see *Lubberkin* appears.
He comes, he comes, *Hobnelia's* not bewrayed,
Nor shall she crown'd with Willow die a Maid.
He vows, he swears, he'll give me a green Gown,
Oh dear ! I fall *adown, adown, adown !*

JOHN GAY.

SONG

FROM *White's* and *Will's*
To purling Rills
The Love-sick *Strephon* flies ;
 There, full of Woe,
 His Numbers flow,
And all in Rhyme he dies.

The fair Coquett,
With feign'd Regret,
Invites him back to Town ;
 But when, in Tears,
 The Youth appears,
She meets him with a Frown.

Full oft' the Maid
This Prank had play'd,
'Till angry *Strephon* swore ;
 And, what is strange,
 Tho' loath to change,
Would never see her more.

AMBROSE PHILIPS.

¹ —Ποτὸν κακὸν αὔριον οἶσῶ.—THEOC.

² Nescio quid certe est : & Hylax in limine latrat.

1711-1720

IN SICKNESS

Written in October, 1714, soon after the Author's coming to live in Ireland, upon the Queen's Death.

'Tis true—then why should I repine
To see my Life so fast decline ?
But why obscurely here alone,
Where I am neither loved nor known ?
My State of Health none care to learn ;
My Life is here no Soul's Concern :
And those with whom I now converse
Without a Tear will tend my Herse.
Removed from kind *Arbuthnot's* Aid,
Who knows his Art, but not the Trade,
Preferring his Regard for me
Before his Credit, or his Fee.
Some formal Visits, Looks, and Words,
What meer Humanity affords,
I meet perhaps from three or four,
From whom I once expected more ;
Which those who tend the Sick for Pay,
Can act as decently as they :
But, no obliging, tender Friend,
To help at my approaching End.
My Life is now a Burden grown
To others, ere it be my own.

Ye formal Weepers for the Sick,
In your last Offices be quick ;
And spare my absent Friends the Grief
To hear, yet give me no Relief ;
Expir'd To-day, entomb'd To-morrow,
When known, will save a double Sorrow.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

A PASTORAL

My Time, O ye Muses, was happily spent,
When *Phebe* went with me wherever I went ;
Ten thousand sweet Pleasures I felt in my Breast :
Sure never fond Shepherd like *Colin* was blest !

Eighteenth-Century Poems

But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous Change on a sudden I find !
When Things were as fine as could possibly be,
I thought 'twas the Spring ; but alas ! it was she.

With such a Companion to tend a few Sheep,
To rise up and play, or to lie down and sleep :
I was so good humour'd, so chearful and gay,
My Heart was as light as a Feather all Day.
But now I so cross, and so peevish am grown,
So strangely uneasy, as never was known.
My fair one is gone, and my joys are all drown'd,
And my Heart—I am sure, it weighs more than a Pound.

The Fountain, that wont to run sweetly along,
And dance to soft murmurs the Pebbles among,
Thou know'st little *Cupid*, if *Phebe* was there,
'Twas Pleasure to look at, 'twas Music to hear.
But now she is absent, I walk by its Side,
And still, as it murmurs, do nothing but chide :
Must you be so chearful, while I go in pain ?
Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me complain.

My Lambkins around me would oftentimes play,
And *Phebe* and I were as joyful as they,
How pleasant their Sporting, how happy their Time,
When Spring, Love, and Beauty were all in their prime !
But now, in their Frolics when by me they pass,
I fling at their Fleeces an handful of Grass ;
Be still then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad,
To see you so merry, while I am so sad.

My Dog I was ever well pleased to see
Come wagging his Tail to my Fair one and me ;
And *Phebe* was pleas'd too, and to my Dog said,
Come hither poor Fellow ; and patted his Head.
But now, when he's fawning, I with a sour look
Cry Sirrah ; and give him a blow with my Crook ;
And I'll give him another ; for why should not *Tray*
Be dull as his Master, when *Phebe's* away ?

When walking with *Phebe*, what sights I have seen !
 How fair was the Flower, how fresh was the Green !
 What a lovely Appearance the Trees and the Shade,
 The Corn-fields and Hedges, and ev'ry Thing made !
 But now she has left me, tho' all are still there,
 They none of them now so delightful appear :
 'Twas naught but the Magic, I find, of her Eyes
 Made so many beautiful Prospects arise.

Sweet Musick went with us both all the Wood thro',
 The Lark, Linnet, Throstle, and Nightingale too ;
 Winds over us whisper'd, Flocks by us did Bleat,
 And chirp went the Grasshopper under our Feet.
 But now she is absent, tho' still they sing on,
 The Woods are but lonely, the Melody's gone :
 Her Voice in the Consort, as now I have found,
 Gave ev'ry Thing else its agreeable Sound.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate Hue ?
 And where is the Violet's beautiful Blue ?
 Does ought of it's Sweetness the Blossom beguile ?
 That Meadow, those Dasies, why do they not smile ?
 Ah ! Rivals, I see what it was that you drest,
 And made your selves fine for—a Place in her
 Breast :
 You put on your Colours to pleasure her Eye,
 To be pluckt by her Hand, on her Bosom to die.

How slowly Time creeps, till my '*Phebe* return !
 While amidst the soft Zephyr's cold Breezes I burn ;
 Methinks if I knew whereabouts he would tread,
 I could breathe on his Wings, and 'twould melt down
 the Lead.
 Fly swifter, ye Minutes, bring hither my Dear,
 And rest so much longer for't when she is here.
 Ah, *Colin* ! old Time is full of delay,
 Nor will budge one Foot faster for all thou canst say.

Eighteenth-Century Poems

Will no pitying Pow'r, that hears me complain,
Or cure my disquiet, or soften my pain ?
To be cur'd, thou must, *Colin*, thy passion remove ;
But what swain is so silly to live without love ?
No, Deity, bid the dear Nymph to return,
For ne'er was poor Shepherd so sadly forlorn.
Ah ! what shall I do ? I shall die with despair ;
Take heed, all ye Swains, how ye part with your Fair.

JOHN BYROM.

A SONG

WHY, prithee now, what does it signify
For to bustle, and make such a Rout ?
It is Virtue alone that can dignify,
Whether cloathed in Ermin, or Clout.
Come, come, and maintain thy Discretion ;
Let it act a more generous Part ;
For I find, by thy honest Confession,
That the World has too much of thy Heart.

Beware, that its fatal Ascendency
Do not tempt thee to moap and repine ;
With an humble, and hopeful Dependency
Still await the good Pleasure divine.
Success in a higher Beatitude
Is the End of what's under the Pole ;
A Philosopher takes it with Gratitude
And believes it is best on the whole.

The World is a Scene, thou art sensible,
Upon which, if we do but our best,
On a Wisdom, that's incomprehensible,
We may safely rely for the rest :
Then trust to its kind Distribution,
And however Things happen to fall,
Prithee, pluck up a good Resolution
To be chearful, and thankful in all.

JOHN BYROM.

THE BALLAD OF SALLY IN OUR ALLEY

THE ARGUMENT

A Vulgar Error having long prevailed among many Persons, who imagine *Sally Salisbury* the Subject of this Ballad, the Author begs leave to undeceive and assure them it has not the least allusion to her, he being a stranger to her very Name at the time this Song was composed. For as Innocence and Virtue were ever the Boundaries of his Muse, so in this little Poem he had no other view than to set forth the Beauty of a chaste and disinterested Passion, even in the lowest Class of human Life. The real Occasion was this: A Shoemaker's 'Prentice making Holiday with his Sweetheart treated her with a sight of Bedlam, the Puppet-shews, the Flying chairs, and all the Elegancies of Moorfields: From whence proceeding to the Farthing Pye-house, he gave her a Collation of Buns, Cheese-cakes, Gammon of Bacon, Stuff'd-beef, and Bottled-ale; through all which Scenes the Author dodg'd them (charm'd with the Simplicity of their Courtship), from whence he drew this little Sketch of Nature; but being then young and obscure, he was very much ridicul'd by some of his Acquaintance for this Performance; which nevertheless made its way into the polite World, and amply recompenced him by the Applause of the divine *Addison*, who was pleas'd (more than once) to mention it with Approbation.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY

OF all the Girls that are so smart
 There's none like pretty Sally,
 She is the Darling of my Heart,
 And she lives in our Alley.
 There is no Lady in the Land
 Is half so sweet as Sally,
 She is the Darling of my Heart,
 And she lives in our Alley.

Eighteenth-Century Poems

Her father he makes Cabbage-nets,
And through the Streets does cry 'em ;
Her Mother she sells Laces long,
To such as please to buy 'em :
But sure such Folks could ne'er beget
So sweet a Girl as Sally !
She is the Darling of my heart,
And she lives in our Alley.

When she is by, I leave my Work,
(I love her so sincerely)
My Master comes like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely ;
But let him bang his Bellyful,
I'll bear it all for Sally ;
She is the Darling of my Heart,
And she lives in our Alley.

Of all the Days that's in the Week,
I dearly love but one Day,
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday ;
For then I'm drest, all in my best,
To walk abroad with Sally ;
She is the Darling of my Heart,
And she lives in our Alley.

My master carries me to Church,
And often am I blamed,
Because I leave him in the lurch,
As soon as Text is named :
I leave the Church in Sermon time,
And slink away to Sally ;
She is the Darling of my Heart,
And she lives in our Alley.

When Christmas comes about again,
O then I shall have Money ;
I'll hoard it up, and Box and all
I'll give it to my Honey :

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And, would it were ten thousand Pounds ;
I'd give it all to Sally ;
She is the Darling of my Heart,
And she lives in our Alley.

My Master and the Neighbours all,
Make game of me and Sally ;
And (but for her) I'd better be
A Slave and row a Galley :
But when my seven long Years are out,
O then I'll marry Sally !
O then we'll wed and then we'll bed,
But not in our Alley.

HENRY CAREY.

HORACE, LIB. I, EPIST. IX, IMITATED

Septimius, Claudius, nimirum intelligit unus,
Quanti me facias : etc.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE MR. HARLEY

DEAR DICK, howe'er it comes into his Head,
Believes, as firmly as He does his Creed,
That You and I, SIR, are extremely great ;
Tho' I plain MAT, you *Minister of State*.
One Word from Me, without all doubt, He says,
Wou'd fix his Fortune in some little Place.
Thus better than My self, it seems, He knows,
How far my Interest with my Patron goes ;
And answering all Objections I can make,
Still plunges deeper in his dear Mistake.

From this wild Fancy, SIR, there may proceed
One wilder yet, which I foresee, and dread ;
That I, in Fact, a real Interest have,
Which to my own Advantage I wou'd save,
And, with the usual Courtier's Trick, intend
To serve My self, forgetful of my Friend.

To shun this Censure, I all Shame lay by ;
And make my Reason with his Will comply ;
Hoping, for my Excuse, 'twill be confest,
That of two Evils I have chose the least.

Eighteenth-Century Poems

So, SIR, with this Epistolary Scroll,
Receive the Partner of my inmost Soul :
Him you will find in Letters, and in Laws
Not unexpert, firm to his Country's Cause,
Warm in the Glorious Interest You pursue,
And, in one Word, a Good Man and a True.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

A NIGHT-PIECE ON DEATH

By the blue Tapers trembling Light,
No more I waste the wakeful Night,
Intent with endless view to pore
The Schoolmen and the Sages o'er :
Their Books from Wisdom widely stray,
Or point at best the longest Way.
I'll seek a readier Path, and go
Where Wisdom's surely taught *below*.

How deep yon Azure dies the Sky !
Where Orbs of Gold unnumber'd lye,
While thro' their Ranks in silver pride
The nether Crescent seems to glide.
The slumb'ring Breeze forgets to breathe,
The Lake is smooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the spangled Show
Descends to meet our Eyes below.
The Grounds which on the right aspire,
In dimness from the View retire :
The Left presents a Place of Graves,
Whose Wall the silent Water laves.
That Steeple guides thy doubtful sight
Among the livid gleams of Night.
There pass with melancholy State,
By all the solemn Heaps of Fate,
And think, as softly-sad you tread
Above the venerable Dead,
Time was, like thee they Life possess,
And Time shall be, that thou shalt Rest.

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Those Graves, with bending Osier bound,
That nameless heave the crumbled Ground,
Quick to the glancing Thought disclose
Where *Toil* and *Poverty* repose.

The flat smooth Stones that bear a Name,
The Chissels slender help to Fame,
(Which e'er our Sett of Friends decay
Their frequent Steps may wear away,)
A *middle Race* of Mortals own,
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.

The Marble Tombs that rise on high,
Whose Dead in vaulted Arches lye,
Whose Pillars swell with sculptur'd Stones,
Arms, Angels, Epitaphs and Bones,
These (all the poor Remains of State)
Adorn the *Rich*, or praise the *Great* ;
Who while on Earth in Fame they live,
Are senseless of the Fame they give.

Ha ! while I gaze, pale *Cynthia* fades,
The bursting Earth unveils the Shades !
All slow, and wan, and wrap'd with Shrouds,
They rise in visionary Crouds,
And all with sober Accent cry,
Think, Mortal, what it is to dye.

Now from yon black and fun'ral Yew,
That bathes the Charnel House with Dew,
Methinks I hear a *Voice* begin ;
(Ye Ravens, cease your croaking Din,
Ye tolling Clocks, no Time resound
O'er the long Lake and midnight Ground)
It sends a Peal of hollow Groans,
Thus speaking from among the Bones.

When men my Scythe and Darts supply,
How great a *King of Fears* am I !
They view me like the last of Things :
They make, and then they dread, my Stings.

Eighteenth-Century Poems

Fools ! if you less provok'd your Fears,
No more my Spectre-Form appears.
Death's but a Path that must be trod,
If Man wou'd ever pass to God :
A Port of Calms, a State of Ease
From the rough Rage of swelling Seas.

Why then thy flowing sable Stoles,
Deep pendent Cypress, mourning Poles,
Loose Scarfs to fall athwart thy Weeds,
Long Palls, drawn Horses, cover'd Steeds,
And Plumes of black, that as they tread,
Nod o'er the 'Scutcheons of the Dead ?

Nor can the parted Body know,
Nor wants the Soul, these Forms of Woe :
As Men who long in Prison dwell,
With Lamps that glimmer round the Cell,
When'er their suffering Years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glitt'ring Sun :
Such Joy, tho' far transcending Sense,
Have pious Souls at parting hence.
On Earth, and in the Body plac't,
A few, and evil Years they wast :
But when their Chains are cast aside,
See the glad Scene unfolding wide,
Clap the glad Wing, and tow'r away,
And mingle with the Blaze of Day.

THOMAS PARNELL.

EPISTLE

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
PAUL METHUEN, Esq.

YES, I'll maintain what you have often said,
That 'tis encouragement makes Science spread ;
True gen'rous Spirits prosp'rous vice detest,
And love to cherish vertue when distrest :
But e'er our mighty Lords this scheme pursue,
Our mighty Lords must think and act like you.

Why must we climb the *Alpine* mountain's sides
 To find the seat where Harmony resides ?
 Why touch we not so soft the silver lute,
 The cheerful haut-boy, and the mellow flute ?
 'Tis not th' *Italian* clime improves the sound,
 But there the Patrons of her sons are found.

Why flourish'd verse in great *Augustus*' reign ?
 He and *Mecænas* lov'd the Muse's strain.
 But now that wight in poverty must mourn
 Who was (O cruel stars !) a Poet born.
 Yet there are ways for authors to be great ;
 Write ranc'rous libels to reform the State ;
 Or if you chuse more sure and readier ways,
 Spatter a Minister with fulsome praise :
 Launch out with freedom, flatter him enough ;
 Fear not, all men are dedication-proof.
 Be bolder yet, you must go farther still,
 Dip deep in gall thy mercenary quill.
 He, who his pen in party quarrels draws,
 Lists a hir'd bravo to support the cause ;
 He must indulge his Patron's hate and spleen,
 And stab the fame of those he ne'er has seen.
 Why then should authors mourn their desp'rate case ?
 Be brave, do this, and then demand a place.
 Why art thou poor ? exert the gifts to rise,
 And banish tim'rous vertue from thy eyes.

All this seems modern preface, where we're told
 That wit is prais'd, but hungry lives and cold :
 Against th' ungrateful age these authors roar,
 And fancy learning starves because they're poor.
 Yet why should learning hope success at Court ?
 Why should our Patriots vertue's cause support ?
 Why to true merit should they have regard ?
 They know that vertue is its own reward.
 Yet let not me of grievances complain,
 Who (though the meanest of the Muse's train)
 Can boast subscriptions to my humble lays,
 And mingle profit with my little praise.

Eighteenth-Century Poems

Ask Painting, why she loves *Hesperian* air.
Go view, she crys, my glorious labours there :
There in rich palaces I reign in state,
And on the temple's lofty domes create.
The Nobles view my works with knowing eyes,
They love the science, and the painter prize.

Why didst thou, *Kent*, forgo thy native land,
To emulate in picture *Raphael's* hand ?
Think'st thou for this to raise thy name at home ?
Go back, adorn the palaces of *Rome* ;
There on the walls let thy just labours shine,
And *Raphael* live again in thy design.
Yet stay awhile ; call all thy genius forth,
For *Burlington* unbyass'd knows thy worth ;
His judgment in thy master-strokes can trace
Titian's strong fire and *Guido's* softer grace ;
But, oh consider, e'er thy works appear,
Canst thou unhurt the tongue of envy hear ?
Censure will blame, her breath was ever spent
To blast the laurels of the Eminent.
While *Burlington's* proportion'd columns rise,
Does not he stand the gaze of envious eyes ?
Doors, windows are condemn'd by passing fools,
Who know not that they damn *Palladio's* rules.
If *Chandos* with a lib'ral hand bestow,
Censure imputes it all to pomp and show ;
When, if the motive right were understood,
His daily pleasure is in doing good.

Had *Pope* with groveling numbers fill'd his page,
Dennis had never kindled into rage.
'Tis the sublime that hurts the Critic's ease ;
Write nonsense, and he reads and sleeps in peace.
Were *Prior*, *Congreve*, *Swift* and *Pope* unknown,
Poor slander-selling *Curll* would be undone.
He who would free from malice pass his days,
Must live obscure, and never merit praise.
But let this tale to valiant virtue tell
The daily perils of deserving well.

A crow was strutting o'er the stubbled plain,
 Just as a lark descending clos'd his strain.
 The crow bespoke him thus with solemn grace.
 Thou most accomplish'd of the feather'd race,
 What force of lungs ! how clear ! how sweet you sing !
 And no bird soars upon a stronger wing.
 The lark, who scorn'd soft flatt'ry, thus replies,
 True, I sing sweet, and on strong pinion rise ;
 Yet let me pass my life from envy free,
 For what advantage are these gifts to me ?
 My song confines me to the wiry cage,
 My flight provokes the falcon's fatal rage.
 But as you pass, I hear the fowlers say,
 To shoot at crows is powder flung away.

JOHN GAY.

TO MY INGENIOUS AND WORTHY FRIEND

W[ILLIAM] L[OWNDES], Esq.

AUTHOR OF THAT CELEBRATED TREATISE IN FOLIO, CALLED THE
 " LAND-TAX BILL."

WHEN Poets print their works, the scribbling crew
 Stick the Bard o'er with Bays, like Christmas pew ;
 Can meagre Poetry such fame deserve ?
 Can Poetry ; that only writes to starve ?
 And shall no laurel deck that famous head,
 In which the Senate's annual law is bred ?
 That hoary head, which greater glory fires,
 By nobler *ways* and *means* true fame acquires.
 O had I *Virgil's* force to sing the man,
 Whose learned lines can millions raise *per ann.*
 Great L[owndes] his praise should swell the trump of
 fame,
 And *Rapes* and *Wapentakes* resound his name.
 If the blind Poet gain'd a long renown
 By singing ev'ry *Grecian* chief and town ;

Eighteenth-Century Poems

Sure *L[owndes]* his prose much greater fame requires,
Which sweetly counts five thousand Knights and
Squires,

Their seats, their citys, parishes and shires.

Thy copious Preamble so smoothly runs
Taxes no more appear like legal duns,
Lords, Knights, and Squires th' Assessor's power obey,
We read with pleasure, though with pain we pay.

Ah why did *C[oningsby]* thy works defame !
That author's long harangue betrays his name ;
After his speeches can his pen succeed ?
Though forc'd to hear, we're not oblig'd to read.

Under what science shall thy works be read ?
All know thou wert not Poet born and bred ;
Or dost thou boast th' Historian's lasting pen,
Whose annals are the *Acts* of worthy men ?
No. Satyr is thy talent ; and each lash
Makes the rich Miser tremble o'er his cash ;
What on the Drunkard can be more severe,
Than direful taxes on his ale and beer ?

Ev'n *Button's* Wits are nought compar'd to thee,
Who ne'er were known or prais'd but o'er his Tea,
While Thou through *Britain's* distant isle shall spread,
In ev'ry *Hundred* and *Division* read.

Critics in *Classicks* oft interpolate,
But ev'ry word of thine is fix'd as Fate.
Some works come forth at morn, but die at night
In blazing fringes round a tallow light,
Some may perhaps to a whole week extend,
Like *S[teele]* (when unassisted by a friend)
But thou shalt live a year in spite of fate :
And where's your author boasts a longer date ?
Poets of old had such a wondrous power,
That with their verses they could raise a tower ;
But in thy Prose a greater force is found ;
What poet ever raised ten thousand pound ?
Cadmus, by sowing dragon's teeth, we read,
Rais'd a vast army from the poys'nous seed.
Thy labours, *L[owndes]*, can greater wonders do,
Thou raisest armys, and canst pay them too.

Truce with thy dreaded pen ; thy annals cease ;
 Why need we armys when the land's in peace ?
 Soldiers are perfect devils in their way,
 When once they're rais'd, they're cursed hard to lay.

JOHN GAY

A BETTER ANSWER

DEAR CLOE, how blubber'd is that pretty Face ?
 Thy Cheek all on Fire, and Thy Hair all uncurl'd :
 Pry'thee quit this Caprice ; and (as Old FALSTAF says)
 Let Us e'en talk a little like Folks of This World.

How can'st Thou presume, Thou hast leave to destroy
 The Beauties, which VENUS but lent to Thy keeping ?
 Those Looks were design'd to inspire Love and Joy :
 More ord'nary Eyes may serve People for weeping.

To be vext at a Trifle or two that I writ,
 Your Judgment at once, and my Passion You wrong :
 You take that for Fact, which will scarce be found Wit :
 Od's Life ! must One swear to the Truth of a Song ?

What I speak, my fair CLOE, and what I write, shews
 The Diff'rence there is betwixt Nature and Art :
 I court others in Verse ; but I love Thee in Prose :
 And They have my Whimsies ; but Thou hast my
 Heart.

The God of us Verse-men (You know Child) the SUN,
 How after his Journeys He sets up his Rest :
 If at Morning o'er Earth 'tis his Fancy to run ;
 At Night he reclines on his THETIS's Breast.

So when I am weary'd with wand'ring all Day ;
 To Thee my Delight in the Evening I come :
 No Matter what Beauties I saw in my Way :
 They were but my Visits ; but Thou art my Home.

Eighteenth-Century Poems

Then finish, Dear CLOE, this Pastoral War ;
And let us like HORACE and LYDIA agree :
For Thou art a Girl as much brighter than Her,
As He was a Poet sublimer than Me.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

SING to the Lord with joyfull Voice ;
Let every Land his Name adore ;
The *British* Isles shall send the Noise
A-cross the Ocean to the Shore.

Nations, attend before his Throne
With solemn Fear, with sacred Joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create, and he destroy.

His sov'reign Power without our Aid
Made us of Clay, and form'd us Men :
And when like wand'ring Sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his Fold again.

We are his People, we his Care,
Our Souls and all our mortal Frame :
What lasting Honours shall we rear
Almighty Maker, to thy Name ?

Wee'll croud thy Gates with thankfull Songs,
High as the Heavens our Voices raise ;
And Earth with her ten thousand Tongues
Shall fill thy Courts with sounding Praise.

Wide as the World is thy Command,
Vast as Eternity thy Love ;
Firm as a Rock thy Truth must stand
When rolling Years shall cease to move.

ISAAC WATTS.

1711-1720

PSALM XC

MAN FRAIL AND GOD ETERNAL

OUR God, our Help in Ages past,
Our Hope for Years to come,
Our Shelter from the stormy Blast,
And our eternal Home.

Under the Shadow of Thy Throne
Thy Saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is thine Arm alone,
And our Defence is sure.

Before the Hills in order stood
Or Earth receiv'd her Frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless Years the same.

Thy Word commands our Flesh to Dust,
Return, ye Sons of Men.
All Nations rose from Earth at first,
And turn to Earth again.

A thousand Ages in thy Sight
Are like an Evening gone ;
Short as the Watch that ends the Night
Before the rising Sun.

The busy Tribes of Flesh and Blood
With all their Lives and Cares
Are carried downwards by thy Flood,
And lost in following Years.

Time like an ever-rolling Stream
Bears all its Sons away ;
They fly forgotten as a Dream
Dies at the opening Day.

Eighteenth-Century Poems

Like flow'ry Fields the Nations stand
Pleas'd with the Morning-light ;
The Flowers beneath the Mower's Hand
Ly withering e'er 'tis Night.

Our God, our Help in Ages past,
Our Hope for Years to come,
Be Thou our Guard while Troubles last
And our eternal Home.

ISAAC WATTS.

THE HUE AND CRY

O YES !—Hear, all ye beaux and wits,
Musicians, poets, 'squires, and cits,
All, who in town or country dwell !
Say, can you tale or tidings tell
Of Tortorella's hasty flight ?
Why in new groves she takes delight,
And if in concert, or alone,
The cooing murmurer makes her moan ?

Now learn the marks, by which you may
Trace out and stop the lovely stray !

Some wit, more folly, and no care,
Thoughtless her conduct, free her air ;
Gay, scornful, sober, indiscreet,
In whom all contradictions meet ;
Civil, affronting, peevish, easy,
Form'd both to charm you and displease you ;
Much want of judgment, none of pride,
Modish her dress, her hoop full wide ;
Brown skin, her eyes of sable hue,
Angel, when pleas'd, when vex'd, a shrew.
Genteel her motion, when she walks,
Sweetly she sings, and loudly talks ;
Knows all the world, and its affairs,
Who goes to court, to plays, to prayers,

Who keeps, who marries, fails, or thrives,
 Leads honest, or dishonest, lives ;
 What money match'd each youth or maid,
 And who was at each masquerade ;
 Of all fine things in this fine town,
 She's only to herself unknown.

By this description, if you meet her,
 With lowly bows, and homage greet her ;
 And if you bring the vagrant beauty
 Back to her mother and her duty,
 Ask for reward a lover's bliss,
 And (if she'll let you) take a kiss ;
 Or more, if more you wish and may,
 Try if at church the words she'll say,
 Then make her, if you can—"obey."
 JOHN HUGHES.

AN ELEGY ON A LAP-DOG

SHOCK's fate I mourn ; poor *Shock* is now no more,
 Ye Muses mourn, ye chamber-maids deplore.
 Unhappy *Shock* ! yet more unhappy Fair,
 Doom'd to survive thy joy and only care !
 Thy wretched fingers now no more shall deck,
 And tie the fav'rite ribband round his neck ;
 No more thy hand shall smooth his glossy hair,
 And comb the wavings of his pendent ear.
 Yet cease thy flowing grief, forsaken maid ;
 All mortal pleasures in a moment fade :
 Our surest hope is in an hour destroy'd,
 And love, best gift of heav'n, not long enjoy'd.

Methinks I see her frantick with despair,
 Her streaming eyes, wrung hands, and flowing hair ;
 Her *Mechlen* pinnners rent the floor bestrow,
 And her torn fan gives real signs of woe.
 Hence Superstition, that tormenting guest,
 That haunts with fancy'd fears the coward breast ;

Eighteenth-Century Poems

No dread events upon this fate attend,
Stream eyes no more, no more thy tresses rend.
Tho' certain omens oft forewarn a state,
And dying lyons show the monarch's fate ;
Why should such fears bid *Celia's* sorrow rise ?
For when a Lap-dog falls, no lover dyes.

Cease, *Celia*, cease ; restrain thy flowing tears,
Some warmer passion will dispell thy cares.
In man you'll find a more substantial bliss,
More grateful toying, and a sweeter kiss.

He's dead. Oh lay him gently in the ground !
And may his tomb be by this verse renown'd.
Here Shock, the pride of all his kind, is laid ;
Who fawn'd like man, but ne'er like man betray'd.

JOHN GAY.

THE LADY'S LAMENTATION

PHYLLIDA, that lov'd to dream
In the grove, or by the stream ;
Sigh'd on velvet pillow.
What, alas ! should fill her head,
But a fountain, or a mead,
Water and a willow ?

" Love in citys never dwells,
He delights in rural cells
Which sweet woodbine covers.
What are your *Assemblys* then ?
There, 'tis true, we see more men ;
But much fewer lovers.

" Oh, how chang'd the prospect grows !
Flocks and herds to Fops and Beaus,
Coxcombs without number !
Moon and stars that shone so bright,
To the torch and waxen light,
And whole nights at *Ombre*.

1721-1730

“ Pleasant as it is, to hear
Scandal tickling in our ear,
Ev’n of our own mothers ;
In the chit-chat of the day,
To us is pay’d, when we’re away,
What we lent to others.

“ Though the fav’rite *Toast* I reign ;
Wine, they say, that prompts the vain,
Heightens defamation.
Must I live ’twixt spite and fear,
Ev’ry day grow handsomer,
And lose my reputation ? ”

Thus the Fair to sighs gave way,
Her empty purse beside her lay.
Nymph, ah cease thy sorrow.
Though curst fortune frown to-night ;
This odious town can give delight,
If you win to-morrow.

JOHN GAY.

SWEET WILLIAM’S FAREWELL TO BLACK-EY’D
SUSAN

ALL in the *Downs* the fleet was moor’d,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-ey’d *Susan* came aboard.
“ Oh ! where shall I my true-love find !
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet *William* sails among the crew.”

William, who high upon the yard
Rock’d with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh’d, and cast his eyes below :
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And (quick as lightning) on the deck he stands.

Eighteenth-Century Poems

So the sweet lark, high-pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
(If, chance, his mate's shrill call he hear)
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest Captain in the *British* fleet
Might envy *William's* lips those kisses sweet.

" O *Susan*, *Susan*, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain ;
Let me kiss off that falling tear,
We only part to meet again.
Change, as ye list, ye winds ; my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

" Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind :
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In ev'ry port a mistress find.
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present whereso'er I go.

" If to far *India's* coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in di'monds bright,
Thy breath is *Africk's* spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory, so white.
Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely *Sue*.

" Though battel call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty *Susan* mourn ;
Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms,
William shall to his Dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from *Susan's* eye."

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread,
No longer must she stay aboard :
They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head.
Her less'ning boat, unwilling rows to land :
" Adieu " she cries ! and wav'd her lilly hand.

JOHN GAY.

1721-1730

THE RECONCILEMENT

COME, let us now resolve at last
To live and love in Quiet ;
We'll tie the Knot so very fast,
That Time shall ne'er untie it.

The truest Joys they seldom prove,
Who free from Quarrels live ;
'Tis the most tender part of Love,
Each other to forgive.

When least I seem'd concern'd, I took
No Pleasure, nor no Rest ;
And when I feign'd an angry Look,
Alas, I lov'd you best.

Own but the same to me, you'll find
How blest will be our Fate ;
Oh to be happy, to be kind
Sure never is too late.

JOHN SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

A LETTER

TO THE HONOURABLE LADY MISS MARGARET-CAVENDISH-
HOLLES-HARLEY

My noble, lovely, little *Peggy*,
Let this my *First-Epistle*, beg ye,
At dawn of morn, and close of even,
To lift your heart and hands to heaven :
In double duty say your pray'r,
Our father first, then *notre pere* ;
And, dearest *Child*, along the day,
In ev'ry thing you do and say,
Obey and please my *Lord* and *Lady*,
So *God* shall love, and *Angels* aid, ye.
If to these *Precepts* You attend,
No *Second-Letter* need I send,
And so I rest Your constant Friend,

M[ATTHEW]. P[RIOR].

Eighteenth-Century Poems

ON THE SETTING UP MR. BUTLER'S MONUMENT IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

WHILE *Butler*, needy Wretch ! was yet alive,
No gen'rous Patron would a Dinner give :
See him, when starv'd to Death and turn'd to Dust,
Presented with a Monumental Bust !
The Poet's Fate is here in Emblem shown ;
He ask'd for Bread, and he receiv'd a Stone.

ANONYMOUS.

THE REMEDY WORSE THAN THE DISEASE

I SENT for Ratcliffe ; was so ill,
That other doctors gave me over :
He felt my pulse, prescrib'd his pill,
And I was likely to recover.

But, when the wit began to wheeze,
And wine had warm'd the politician,
Cur'd yesterday of my disease,
I dy'd last night of my physician.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

EPITAPH. EXTEMPORE

NOBLES and Heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior ;
The son of Adam and of Eve,
Can Bourbon, or Nassau, claim higher ?

MATTHEW PRIOR.

EPITAPH ON TOM D'URFEY

HERE lyes the *Lyrick*, who with Tale and Song,
Did Life to threescore Years and ten prolong :
His Tale was pleasant, and his Song was sweet ;
His Heart was chearful—but his Thirst was great.
Grieve, Reader, grieve, that he, too soon grown old,
His Song has ended, and his Tale has told.

ANONYMOUS.

1721-1730

EPIGRAM ON THE FEUDS BETWEEN HANDEL
AND BONONCINI

SOME say, compar'd to Bononcini
That Mynheer Handel's but a Ninny ;
Others aver, that he to Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a Candle :
Strange all this Difference should be
'Twixt Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee !

JOHN BYROM.

ADVICE TO THE GRUB ST. VERSE-WRITERS

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1726

YE Poets ragged and forlorn,
Down from your Garrets haste ;
Ye Rhimers, dead as soon as born,
Not yet consign'd to Paste ;

I know a Trick to make you thrive ;
O, 'tis a quaint Device :
Your still-born Poems shall revive,
And scorn to wrap up Spice.

Get all your Verses printed fair,
Then, let them well be dry'd ;
And *Curl* must have a special Care
To leave the Margin wide.

Lend these to Paper-sparing *Pope* ;
And, when he sits to write,
No Letter with an *Envelope*
Could give him more Delight.

When *Pope* has fill'd the Margins round,
Why, then recall your Loan ;
Sell them to *Curl* for fifty Pound,
And swear they are your own.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

Eighteenth-Century Poems

DR. S[WIFT] TO MR. P[OP]E

WHILE HE WAS WRITING THE DUNCIAD

Pope has the Talent well to speak,
But not to reach the Ear ;
His loudest Voice is low and weak,
The *Dean* too deaf to hear.

A while they on each other look,
Then diff'rent Studies choose ;
The *Dean* sits plodding on a Book ;
Pope walks, and courts the Muse.

Now Backs of Letters, though design'd
For those who more will need 'em,
Are fill'd with Hints, and interlin'd,
Himself can hardly read 'em !

Each Atom by some other struck,
All Turns and Motions tries ;
Till in a Lump together stuck,
Behold a *Poem* rise !

Yet to the *Dean* his share allot ;
He claims it by a Canon ;
That, without which a Thing is not,
Is causa sine quâ non.

Thus, *Pope*, in vain you boast your Wit ;
For, had our deaf Divine
Been for your Conversation fit,
You had not writ a Line.

Of Prelate thus, for preaching fam'd
The Sexton reason'd well ;
And justly half the Merit claim'd,
Because he *rang the Bell*.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

GRONGAR HILL

SILENT *Nymph*, with curious Eye !
 Who, the purple Ev'ning, lye
 On the Mountain's lonely Van,
 Beyond the Noise of busy Man,
 Painting fair the form of Things,
 While the yellow Linnet sings ;
 Or the tuneful Nightingale
 Charms the Forest with her Tale ;
 Come with all thy various Hues,
 Come, and aid thy Sister Muse ;
 Now while *Phæbus* riding high
 Gives Lustre to the Land and Sky !
Grongar Hill invites my Song,
 Draw the Landskip bright and strong ;
Grongar, in whose Mossie cells,
 Sweetly-musing Quiet dwells :
Grongar, in whose silent Shade,
 For the modest Muses made,
 So oft I have, the Even still,
 At the Fountain of a Rill,
 Sate upon a flow'ry Bed,
 With my Hand beneath my Head ;
 While stray'd my Eyes o'er *Towy's* flood,
 Over Mead, and over Wood,
 From House to House, from Hill to Hill,
 Till Contemplation had her fill.

About his chequer'd Sides I wind,
 And leave his Brooks and Meads behind,
 And Groves, and Grottoes where I lay,
 And Vistoes shooting Beams of Day :
 Wider and wider spreads the Vale ;
 As Circles on a smooth Canal :
 The Mountains round, unhappy Fate,
 Sooner or later, of all Height !
 Withdraw their Summits from the Skies,
 And lessen as the others rise :

Eighteenth-Century Poems

Still the Prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand Woods and Meads,
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly-risen Hill.

Now, I gain the Mountain's Brow,
What a Landskip lies below !
No Clouds, no Vapours intervene,
But the gay, the open Scene
Does the Face of Nature show,
In all the Hues of Heaven's Bow !
And, swelling to embrace the Light,
Spreads around beyond the Sight.

Old Castles on the Cliffs arise,
Proudly tow'ring in the Skies !
Rushing from the Woods, the Spires
Seem from hence ascending Fires !
Half his beams *Apollo* sheds,
On the yellow Mountain-Heads !
Gilds the Fleeces of the Flocks ;
And glitters on the broken Rocks !

Below me Trees unnumber'd rise,
Beautiful in various Dies :
The gloomy Pine, the Poplar blue,
The yellow Beech, the sable Yew,
The slender Firr, that taper grows,
The sturdy Oak with broad-spread Boughs ;
And beyond the purple Grove,
Haunt of *Phillis*, Queen of Love !
Gawdy as the op'ning Dawn,
Lies a long and level Lawn,
On which a dark Hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wand'ring Eye !
Deep are his Feet in *Towy's* Flood,
His Sides are cloath'd with waving Wood
And antient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful Look below ;
Whose ragged Walls the Ivy creeps,
And with her Arms from falling keeps ;
So both a Safety from the Wind
On mutual dependance find.

'Tis now the Raven's bleak Abode ;
 'Tis now th' Apartment of the Toad ;
 And there the Fox securely feeds ;
 And there the pois'nous Adder breeds,
 Conceal'd in Ruins, Moss, and Weeds :
 While, ever and anon, there falls,
 Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd Walls.
 Yet Time has seen, that lifts the low,
 And level lays the lofty Brow,
 Has seen this broken Pile compleat,
 Big with the Vanity of State ;
 But transient is the Smile of Fate !
 A little Rule, a little Sway,
 A Sun-beam in a Winter's day
 Is all the Proud and Mighty have,
 Between the Cradle and the Grave.

And see the Rivers how they run,
 Thro' Woods and Meads, in Shade and Sun,
 Sometimes swift, and sometimes slow,
 Wave succeeding Wave they go
 A various Journey to the Deep,
 Like human Life to endless Sleep !
 Thus is Nature's Vesture wrought,
 To instruct our wand'ring Thought ;
 Thus she dresses green and gay,
 To disperse our Cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
 When will the Landskip tire the View !
 The Fountain's Fall, the River's Flow,
 The woody Vallies, warm and low :
 The windy Summit, wild and high,
 Roughly rushing on the Sky !
 The pleasant Seat, the ruin'd Tow'r,
 The naked Rock, the shady Bow'r ;
 The Town and Village, Dome and Farm,
 Each give each a double Charm,
 As Pearls upon an *Æthiop's* Arm.

See on the Mountain's southern side,
 Where the Prospect opens wide,
 Where the Ev'ning gilds the Tide ;

Eighteenth-Century Poems

How close and small the Hedges lie !
What streaks of Meadows cross the Eye !
A Step methinks may pass the Stream,
So little distant Dangers seem ;
So we mistake the Future's face,
Ey'd thro' Hope's deluding Glass :
As yon Summits soft and fair,
Clad in Colours of the Air,
Which to those who journey near,
Barren, and brown, and rough appear ;
Still we tread tir'd the same coarse Way ;
The Present's still a cloudy Day.

O may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see :
Content me with an humble Shade,
My Passions tam'd, my Wishes laid ;
For while our Wishes wildly roll,
We banish Quiet from the Soul :
'Tis thus the Busy beat the Air ;
And Misers gather Wealth and Care.

Now, ev'n now, my Joy runs high,
As on the Mountain-turf I lie ;
While the wanton *Zephyr* sings,
And in the Vale perfumes his Wings ;
While the Waters murmur deep ;
While the Shepherd charms his Sheep ;
While the Birds unbounded fly,
And with Musick fill the Sky,
Now, ev'n now, my Joy runs high.

Be full, ye Courts ; be great who will ;
Search for Peace with all your Skill :
Open wide the lofty Door,
Seek her on the marble Floor :
In vain ye search, she is not there ;
In vain ye search the Domes of Care !
Grass and Flowers Quiet treads,
On the Meads, and Mountain-heads,
Along with Pleasure, close ally'd,
Ever by each other's Side,

1721-1730

And often, by the murm'ring Rill,
Hears the Thrush, while all is still,
Within the Groves of *Grongar Hill*.

JOHN DYER.

THE COUNTRY WALK

THE Morning's fair, the lusty Sun
With ruddy Cheek begins to run ;
And early Birds, that wing the Skies,
Sweetly sing to see him rise.

I am resolv'd, this charming Day,
In the open Field to stray,
And have no Roof above my Head,
But that whereon the Gods do tread.
Before the yellow Barn I see
A beautiful Variety
Of strutting Cocks, advancing stout,
And flirting empty Chaff about :
Hens, Ducks, and Geese, and all their Brood,
And Turkeys gobling for their Food,
While Rusticks thrash the wealthy Floor,
And tempt all to crowd the Door.

What a fair Face does Nature show !
Augusta, wipe thy dusty Brow ;
A Landskip wide salutes my Sight,
Of shady Vales, and Mountains bright ;
And azure Heavens I behold,
And Clouds of Silver and of Gold.
And now into the Fields I go,
Where Thousand flaming Flowers glow ;
And ev'ry neighb'ring Hedge I greet,
With Honey-suckles smelling sweet.
Now o'er the daisy Meads I stray,
And meet with, as I pace my way,
Sweetly shining on the Eye,
A Riv'let gliding smoothly by ;
Which shows with what an easy Tide
The Moments of the happy glide.

Eighteenth-Century Poems

Here, finding Pleasure after Pain,
Sleeping I see a wearied Swain,
While his full Scrip lies open by,
That does his healthy Food supply.

Happy Swain, sure happier far
Than lofty Kings and Princes are !
Enjoy sweet Sleep, which shuns the Crown,
With all its easy Beds of Down.

The Sun now shows his Noon-tide Blaze,
And sheds around me burning Rays.
A little onward, and I go
Into the Shade that Groves bestow,
And on green Moss I lay me down,
That o'er the Root of Oak has grown ;
Where all is silent, but some Flood,
That sweetly murmurs in the Wood ;
But Birds that warble in the Sprays,
And charm ev'n *Silence* with their Lays.

Oh pow'rful *Silence*, how you reign
In the Poet's busy Brain !
His num'rous Thoughts obey the Calls
Of the tuneful Water-falls ;
Like Moles, whene'er the Coast is clear,
They rise before thee without Fear,
And range in Parties here and there.

Some wildly to *Parnassus* wing,
And view the fair *Castalian* Spring,
Where they behold a lonely Well,
Where now no tuneful Muses dwell ;
But now and then a slavish Hind
Padling the troubled Pool they find.

Some trace the pleasing Paths of Joy,

Others the blissful Scene destroy ;
In thorny Tracks of Sorrow stray,
And pine for *Clio* far away.
But stay—Methinks her Lays I hear,
So smooth ! so sweet ! so deep ! so clear !
No, it is not her Voice I find ;
'Tis but the *Eccho* stays behind.

Some meditate Ambition's brow,
 And the black Gulph that gapes below :
 Some peep in Courts, and there they see
 The sneaking Tribe of Flattery.
 But, striking to the Ear and Eye,
 A nimble Deer comes bounding by !
 When rushing from yon rustling Spray,
 It made 'em vanish all away.

I rouse me up, and on I rove,
 'Tis more than time to leave the Grove.
 The Sun declines, the Evening Breeze
 Begins to whisper thro' the Trees ;
 And as I leave the Sylvan Gloom,
 As to the Glare of Day I come,
 An old Man's smoky Nest I see,
 Leaning on an aged Tree ;
 Whose willow Walls and furzy Brow
 A little Garden sway below.
 Thro' spreading Beds of blooming Green,
 Matted with Herbage sweet, and clean,
 A Vein of Water limps along,
 And makes 'em ever green, and young.
 Here he puffs upon his Spade,
 And digs up Cabbage in the Shade :
 His tatter'd Rags are sable brown,
 His Beard and Hair are hoary grown ;
 The dying Sap descends apace,
 And leaves a wither'd Hand and Face.

Up *Grongar Hill* I labour now,
 And catch at last his Bushy Brow.
 Oh ! how fresh, how pure the Air !
 Let me breathe a little here.
 Where am I, Nature ? I descry
 Thy Magazine before me lie !
 Temples !—and Towns !—and Tow'rs !—and Woods !
 And Hills !—and Vales !—and Fields !—and Floods !
 Crowding before me, edg'd around
 With naked Wilds, and barren Ground.

See below the pleasant Dome,
 The Poet's Pride, the Poet's Home,

Eighteenth-Century Poems

Which the Sun-Beams shine upon,
To the Even, from the Dawn.
See her Woods where *Eccho* talks,
Her Gardens trim, her Terras Walks,
Her Wildernesses, fragrant Brakes,
Her gloomy Bowers, and shining Lakes.
Keep, ye Gods, this humble Seat
For ever pleasant, private, neat.

See yonder Hill, uprising steep,
Above the River slow and deep :
It looks from hence a Pyramid,
Beneath a verdant Forest hid ;
On whose high Top there rises great,
The mighty Remnant of a Seat,
An old green Tow'r, whose batter'd Brow
Frowns upon the Vale below.

Look upon that flow'ry Plain,
How the Sheep surround their Swain,
How they crowd to hear his Strain !
All careless, with his Legs across,
Leaning on a Bank of Moss,
He spends his empty Hours at play,
Which fly as light as Down away.

And there behold a bloomy Mead,
A Silver Stream, a Willow Shade,
Beneath the shade a *Fisher* stand,
Who, with the Angle in his Hand,
Swings the nibling Fry to Land.

In Blushes the descending Sun
Kisses the Streams, while slow they run ;
And yonder Hill remoter grows,
Or dusky Clouds do interpose.
The Fields are left, the lab'ring Hind
His weary Oxen does unbind ;
And vocal Mountains, as they low,
Re-eccho to the Vales below.
The jocund Shepherds piping come,
And drive the Herd before 'em home ;
And now begin to light their Fires,
Which send up Smoke in curling Spires !

1721-1730

While, with light Hearts, All homeward tend,
To *Aberglasney*¹ I descend.

But, Oh ! how bless'd wou'd be the Day,
Did I with *Clio* pace my way,
And not alone, and solitary stray.

JOHN DYER.

THE ROSE-BUD :

TO A YOUNG LADY

QUEEN of Fragrance, lovely Rose,
The Beauties of thy Leaves disclose !
The Winter's past, the Tempests fly,
Soft Gales breathe gently thro' the Sky ;
The Lark sweet warbling on the Wing
Salutes the gay Return of Spring :
The silver Dews, the vernal Show'rs,
Call forth a bloomy Waste of Flow'rs ;
The joyous Fields, the shady Woods,
Are cloath'd with Green, or swell with Buds ;
Then haste thy Beauties to disclose,
Queen of Fragrance, lovely Rose !

Thou, beauteous Flow'r, a welcome Guest,
Shalt flourish on the Fair-One's Breast,
Shalt grace her Hand, or deck her Hair,
The Flow'r most sweet, the Nymph most fair ;
Breathe soft, ye Winds ! be calm, ye Skies !
Arise ye flow'ry Race, arise !
And haste thy Beauties to disclose,
Queen of Fragrance, lovely Rose !

But thou, fair Nymph, thy self survey
In this sweet Offspring of a Day ;
That Miracle of Face must fail,
Thy Charms are sweet, but Charms are frail :

¹ The Name of a Seat belonging to the Author's Brother

Eighteenth-Century Poems

Swift as the short-liv'd Flow'r they fly,
At Morn they bloom, at Evening die :
Tho' Sickness yet a while forbears,
Yet Time destroys, what Sickness spares ;
Now *Helen* lives alone in Fame,
And *Cleopatra's* but a Name ;
Time must indent that heav'nly Brow,
And thou must be, what *Helen's* now.

This *Moral* to the Fair disclose,
Queen of Fragrance, lovely Rose.

WILLIAM BROOME.

FABLE VII

THE LYON, THE FOX, AND THE GEESE

A LYON, tir'd with State affairs,
Quite sick of pomp, and worn with cares,
Resolv'd (remote from noise and strife)
In peace to pass his latter life.

It was proclaim'd ; the day was set ;
Behold the gen'ral council met.
The Fox was Viceroy nam'd. The croud
To the new Regent humbly bow'd ;
Wolves, bears and mighty tygers bend,
And strive who most shall condescend.
He strait assumes a solemn grace,
Collects his wisdom in his face,
The croud admire his wit, his sense :
Each word hath weight and consequence ;
The flatt'rer all his art displays :
He who hath power is sure of praise.
A fox stept forth before the rest,
And thus the servile throng address'd.

How vast his talents, born to rule,
And train'd in virtue's honest school !
What clemency his temper sways !
How uncorrupt are all his ways !

1721-1730

Beneath his conduct and command
Rapine shall cease to waste the land ;
His brain hath stratagem and art,
Prudence and mercy rule his heart.
What blessings must attend the nation
Under this good administration !

He said. A Goose, who distant stood,
Harangu'd apart the cackling brood :

Whene'er I hear a knave commend,
He bids me shun his worthy friend.
What praise ! what mighty commendation !
But 'twas a fox who spoke th' oration.
Foxes this government may prize
As gentle, plentiful and wise ;
If they enjoy these sweets, 'tis plain,
We geese must feel a tyrant reign.
What havock now shall thin our race !
When ev'ry petty clerk in place,
To prove his taste, and seem polite,
Will feed on geese both noon and night.

JOHN GAY.

FABLE XXII

THE GOAT WITHOUT A BEARD

'Tis certain, that the modish passions
Descend among the croud, like fashions.
Excuse me then ; if pride, conceit,
(The manners of the fair and great)
I give to monkeys, asses, dogs,
Fleas, owls, goats, butterflys and hogs.
I say, that these are proud. What then ?
I never said, they equal men.

A Goat (as vain as goat can be)
Affected singularity :
Whene'er a thymy bank he found,
He roll'd upon the fragrant ground,
And then with fond attention stood,
Fix'd, o'er his image in the flood.

Eighteenth-Century Poems

I hate my frowzy beard, he cries ;
My youth is lost in this disguise.
Did not the females know my vigour,
Well might they loath this rev'rend figure.

Resolv'd to smooth his shaggy face,
He sought the barber of the place.
A flippant monkey, spruce and smart,
Hard by, profest the dapper art ;
His pole, with pewter basons hung,
Black rotten teeth in order strung,
Rang'd cups, that in the window stood,
Lin'd with red rags, to look like blood,
Did well his threefold trade explain,
Who shav'd, drew teeth, and breath'd a vein.

The Goat he welcomes with an air,
And seats him in his wooden chair,
Mouth, nose and cheek the lather hides,
Light, smooth and swift the razor glides.

I hope your custom, Sir, says pug.
Sure never face was half so smug !

The Goat, impatient for applause,
Swift to the neighb'ring hill withdraws ;
The shaggy people grinn'd and star'd.

Heighday ! what's here ? without a beard !
Say, brother, whence the dire disgrace ?
What envious hand hath robb'd your face ?

When thus the fop with smiles of scorn :
Are beards by civil nations worn ?
Ev'n *Muscovites* have mow'd their chins.
Shall we, like formal *Capucins*,
Stubborn in pride, retain the mode,
And bear about the hairy load ?
Whene'er we through the village stray,
Are we not mock'd along the way,
Insulted with loud shouts of scorn,
By boys our beards disgrac'd and torn ?

Were you no more with goats to dwell,
Brother, I grant you reason well,
Replies a bearded chief. Beside,
If boys can mortify thy pride,

How wilt thou stand the ridicule
 Of our whole flock ? affected fool !
 Coxcombs, distinguish'd from the rest,
 To all but coxcombs are a jest.

JOHN GAY.

FABLE XXXVII

The FARMER'S WIFE and the RAVEN

WHY are those tears ? Why droops your head ?
 Is then your other husband dead ?
 Or does a worse disgrace betide ?
 Hath no one since his death apply'd ?

Alas ! you know the cause too well.
 The salt is spilt, to me it fell.

Then, to contribute to my loss,
 My knife and fork were laid across,
 On *friday* too ! the day I dread !
 Would I were safe at home in bed !
 Last night (I vow to Heav'n 'tis true)
 Bounce from the fire a coffin flew.
 Next post some fatal news shall tell.
 God send my *Cornish* friends be well !

Unhappy widow, cease thy tears,
 Nor feel affliction in thy fears,
 Let not thy stomach be suspended,
 Eat now, and weep when dinner's ended,
 And when the butler clears the table
 For thy dissert I'll read my fable.

Betwixt her swagging pannier's load
 A Farmer's wife to market rode,
 And, jogging on, with thoughtful care
 Summ'd up the profits of her ware ;
 When, starting from her silver dream,
 Thus far and wide was heard her scream :

That raven on yon left-hand oak
 (Curse on his ill-betiding croak)
 Bodes me no good. No more she said,
 When poor blind *Ball* with stumbling tread

Eighteenth-Century Poems

Fell prone ; o'erturned the pannier lay,
And her mash'd eggs bestrow'd the way.

She, sprawling in the yellow road,
Rail'd, swore and curst. Thou croaking toad,
A murrain take thy whoreson throat !
I knew misfortune in the note.

Dame, quoth the Raven, spare your oaths,
Unclench your fist, and wipe your cloaths.
But why on me those curses thrown ?
Goody, the fault was all your own ;
For had you laid this brittle ware
On *Dun*, the old sure-footed mare,
Though all the Ravens of the *Hunderd*
With croaking had your tongue out-thunder'd,
Sure-footed *Dun* had kept his legs,
And you, good woman, sav'd your eggs.

JOHN GAY.

SONGS

YOUTH's the Season made for Joys,
Love is then our Duty,
She alone who that employs,
Well deserves her Beauty.
Let's be gay,
While we may,
Beauty's a Flower, despis'd in decay.

Let us drink and sport to-day,
Ours is not to-morrow.
Love with Youth flies swift away,
Age is nought but Sorrow.
Dance and sing,
Time's on the Wing,
Life never knows the return of Spring.

JOHN GAY.

SLEEP, O Sleep,
With thy Rod of Incantation,
Charm my Imagination,
Then, only then, I cease to weep.

1721-1730

By thy Power,
The Virgin, by Time o'ertaken,
For Years forlorn, forsaken,
Enjoys the happy Hour.

What's to sleep ?
'Tis a visionary Blessing ;
A Dream that's past expressing ;
Our utmost Wish possessing :
So may I always keep.

JOHN GAY.

SONG

SWEET are the Charms of her I love,
More fragrant than the Damask Rose ;
Soft as the Down of Turtle-Dove,
Gentle as Wind when *Zephyr* blows ;
Refreshing as descending Rains
To sunburnt Climes and thirsty Plains.

True as the Needle to the Pole,
Or as the Dial to the Sun ;
Constant as gliding Waters rowl,
Whose swelling Tides obey the Moon :
From ev'ry other Charmer free,
My Life and Love shall follow thee.

The Lamb the flow'ry Thyme devours,
The Dam the tender Kid pursues ;
Sweet Philomel, in shady Bowers
Of verdant Spring, her Note renews :
All follow what they most admire,
As I pursue my Soul's Desire.

Nature must change her beauteous Face,
And vary as the Seasons rise ;
As Winter, to the Spring gives Place,
Summer th' Approach of Autumn flies :
No Change on Love the Seasons bring,
Love only knows perpetual Spring.

Eighteenth-Century Poems

Devouring Time, with stealing Pace,
Makes lofty Oaks and Cedars bow ;
And marble Towers, and Walls of Brass,
In his rude March, he levels low :
But Time, destroying far and wide,
Love from the Soul can ne'er divide.

Death only, with his cruel Dart,
The gentle Godhead can remove ;
And drive him from the bleeding Heart,
To mingle with the Blest above :
Where, known to all his Kindred Train,
He finds a lasting Rest from Pain.

Love, and his Sister fair, the Soul,
Twin-born, from Heaven together came ;
Love will the Universe controul,
When dying Seasons lose their Name :
Divine Abodes shall own his Power,
When Time and Death shall be no more.

BARTON BOOTH.

A HYMN

THESE, as they change, *Almighty Father*, these
Are but the *varied* God. The rolling Year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy Beauty walks, Thy Tenderness and love.
Wide flush the Fields ; the softening Air is Balm ;
Echo the Mountains round ; the Forest smiles ;
And every Sense, and every Heart, is Joy.
Then comes Thy Glory in the Summer Months,
With Light and Heat refulgent. Then Thy Sun
Shoots full Perfection thro' the swelling Year.
And oft Thy Voice in dreadful Thunder speaks ;
And oft at Dawn, deep Noon, or falling Eve,
By Brooks and Groves, in hollow-whispering Gales.
Thy Bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common Feast for all that lives.

In Winter, awful Thou ! with Clouds and Storms
 Around Thee thrown, Tempest o'er Tempest roll'd,
 Majestic Darkness ! on the Whirlwind's Wing
 Riding sublime, Thou bid'st the World adore,
 And humblest Nature with Thy northern Blast.

Mysterious Round ! what Skill, what Force divine,
 Deep felt, in These appear ! a simple Train,
 Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind Art,
 Such Beauty and Beneficence combin'd ;
 Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into Shade ;
 And all so forming an harmonious Whole,
 That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
 But wandering oft, with brute unconscious Gaze,
 Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty Hand,
 That, ever-busy, wheels the silent Spheres ;
 Works in the secret Deep ; shoots, steaming, Thence
 The fair Profusion that o'erspreads the Spring ;
 Flings from the Sun direct the flaming Day ;
 Feeds every Creature ; hurls the Tempest forth ;
 And, as on Earth this grateful Change revolves,
 With Transport touches all the Springs of Life.

Nature, attend ! join every living Soul,
 Beneath the spacious Temple of the Sky,
 In Adoration join ; and, ardent, raise
 One general Song ! To Him, ye vocal Gales,
 Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your Freshness breathes :
 Oh ! talk of Him in solitary Glooms,
 Where, o'er the Rock, the scarcely waving Pine
 Fills the brown Shade with a religious Awe.
 And ye, Whose bolder Note is heard afar,
 Who shake the astonish'd World, lift high to Heaven
 Th' impetuous Song, and say from whom you rage.
 His Praise, ye Brooks, attune, ye trembling Rills ;
 And let me catch it as I muse along.
 Ye headlong Torrents, rapid, and profound ;
 Ye softer Floods, that lead the humid Maze
 Along the Vale ; and thou, majestic Main,
 A secret World of Wonders in thyself,
 Sound His stupendous Praise, whose greater Voice
 Or bids you roar, or bids your Roarings fall.

Eighteenth-Century Poems

Soft-roll your Incense, Herbs, and Fruits, and Flowers,
In mingled Clouds to Him ; whose Sun exalts,
Whose Breath perfumes you, and whose Pencil paints.
Ye Forests bend, ye Harvests wave, to Him ;
Breathe your still Song into the Reaper's Heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous Moon.
Ye that keep watch in Heaven, as Earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest Beams,
Ye Constellations, while your Angels strike,
Amid the spangled Sky, the silver Lyre.
Great Source of Day ! best Image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From World to World, the vital Ocean round,
On Nature write with every Beam His Praise.
The Thunder rolls : be hush'd the prostrate World ;
While Cloud to Cloud returns the solemn Hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye Hills ; ye mossy Rocks,
Retain the Sound : the broad responsive Low,
Ye Valleys, raise ; for the *Great Shepherd* reigns ;
And His *unsuffering* Kingdom yet will come.
Ye Woodlands all, awake : a boundless Song
Burst from the Groves ; and when the restless Day,
Expiring, lays the warbling World asleep,
Sweetest of Birds ! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening Shades, and teach the Night His Praise.
Ye chief, for whom the whole Creation smiles,
At once the Head, the Heart, and Tongue of all,
Crown the great Hymn ! in swarming Cities vast,
Assembled Men, to the deep Organ join
The long-resounding Voice, oft-breaking clear,
At solemn Pauses, thro' the swelling Base ;
And, as each mingling Flame increases each,
In one united Ardor rise to Heaven.
Or if you rather chuse the rural Shade,
And find a Fane in every sacred Grove ;
There let the Shepherd's Flute, the Virgin's Lay,
The prompting Seraph, and the Poet's Lyre,
Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling Theme,
Whether the Blossom blows, the Summer-Ray

Russets the Plain, *inspiring* Autumn gleams,
 Or Winter rises in the blackening East,
 Be my Tongue mute—may Fancy paint no more,
 And, dead to Joy, forget my Heart to beat !

Should Fate command me to the farthest Verge
 Of the green Earth, to distant barbarous Climes,
 Rivers unknown to Song—where first the Sun
 Gilds *Indian* Mountains, or his setting Beam
 Flames on th' *Atlantic* Isles—'tis nought to me ;
 Since God is ever present, ever felt.

In the void Waste as in the City full ;
 And where He vital spreads there must be Joy.
 When even at last the solemn Hour shall come,
 And wing my mystic Flight to future Worlds,
 I chearful will obey, There, with new Powers,
 Will rising Wonders sing : I cannot go
 Where Universal Love not smiles around,
 Sustaining all yon Orbs, and all their Sons ;
 From *seeming Evil* still educing *Good*,
 And *Better* thence again, and *Better* still,
 In infinite Progression.—But I lose
 Myself in Him, in *Light Ineffable* !

Come then, expressive Silence, muse His Praise.

JAMES THOMSON.

ON HIS LATE M[AJESTY]'S GRACIOUS GIFT TO THE UNIVERSITIES

THE K[in]g, surveying with judicious Eyes
 The State of both his Universities
 To one a *Troop of Horse* he sent ; for why ?
 'Cause that *learn'd Body* wanted L[oyalt]y.
 To th' other he sent *Books*, as well discerning
 How much that *loyal Body* wanted L[earnin]g.

ANONYMOUS.

THE King to Oxford sent a troop of horse,
 For Tories own no argument but force ;
 With equal skill to Cambridge books he sent,
 For Whigs admit no force but argument.

SIR WILLIAM BROWNE.

Eighteenth-Century Poems

ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT

As *Rochfoucault* his Maxims drew
From Nature, I believe 'em true :
They argue no corrupted Mind
In him ; the Fault is in Mankind.

Vain human Kind ! Fantastick Race !
Thy various Follies who can trace ?
Self-love, Ambition, Envy, Pride,
Their Empire in our Hearts divide.
Give others Riches, Power, and Station,
'Tis all on me an Usurpation.
I have no Title to aspire ;
Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher.
In *Pope* I cannot read a line,
But with a Sigh I wish it mine ;
When He can in one Couplet fix
More Sense than I can do in six ;
It gives me such a jealous Fit,
I cry " Pox take him and his Wit ! "
I grieve to be outdone by *Gay*
In my own hum'rous biting Way.
Arbuthnot is no more my Friend,
Who dares to Irony pretend,
Which I was born to introduce,
Refin'd it first and show'd its Use.
St. John, as well as *Pultney*, knows
That I had some Repute for Prose ;
And till they drove me out of Date
Could maul a Minister of State.
If they have mortify'd my Pride,
And made me throw my Pen aside ;
If with such Talents Heav'n has blest 'em,
Have I not Reason to detest 'em ?

To all my Foes, dear Fortune, send
Thy Gifts ; but never to my Friend :
I tamely can endure the first ;
But this with Envy makes me burst.

Thus much may serve by way of Proem :
 Proceed we therefore to our Poem.

The Time is not remote, when I
 Must by the Course of Nature dye ;

My good Companions, never fear ;
 For though you may mistake a Year,
 Though your Prognosticks run too fast,
 They must be verify'd at last.

Behold the fatal Day arrive !

" How is the Dean ? "—" He's just alive."

Now the departing Pray'r is read ;

" He hardly breathes "—" The Dean is dead."

Before the Passing Bell begun,
 The News thro' half the Town has run.

" O ! may we all for Death prepare !

What has he left ? and who's his Heir ? "—

" I know no more than what the News is ;

'Tis all bequeath'd to Publick Uses."

" To Publick Uses ! there's a Whim !

What had the Publick done for him ?

Meer Envy, Avarice, and Pride :

He gave it all—but first he dy'd.

And had the Dean, in all the Nation,

No worthy Friend, No poor Relation ?

So ready to do Strangers good,

Forgetting his own Flesh and Blood ! "

Now, Grub Street Wits are all employ'd ;

With Elegies the Town is cloy'd :

Some Paragraph in ev'ry Paper

To *curse* the *Dean*, or *bless* the *Drapier*.

The Doctors, tender of their Fame,

Wisely on me lay all the Blame :

" We must confess, his Case was nice ;

But he would never take Advice.

Had he been rul'd, for aught appears,

He might have liv'd these twenty Years ;

For, when we open'd him, we found,

That all his vital Parts were sound."

Eighteenth-Century Poems

From *Dublin* soon to *London* spread,
'Tis told at Court, "the Dean is dead."
Kind Lady *Suffolk* in the Spleen
Runs laughing up to tell the [Queen].
The [Queen] so Gracious, Mild, and Good,
Cries, "Is he gone? 'Tis time he shou'd.
He's dead you say; then let him rot;
I'm glad the M[eda]ls were forgot.
I promis'd him, I own; but when?
I only was the [Princess] then."

Now *Curl* his Shop from Rubbish drains:
Three genuine Tomes of *Swift's* remains!
And then to make them pass the glibber,
Revis'd by *Tibbalds*, *Moore* and *Cibber*.
He'll treat me as he does my Betters,
Publish my Will, my Life, my Letters:
Revive the Libels born to die;
Which *Pope* must bear, as well as I.

Here shift the Scene, to represent
How those I love my Death lament.
Poor *Pope* would grieve a month, and *Gay*
A week, and *Arbuthnot* a day.

St. John himself will scarce forbear
To bite his Pen, and drop a Tear.
The rest will give a Shrug, and Cry,
"I'm sorry but we all must die!"

My female Friends, whose tender Hearts
Have better learn'd to act their Parts,
Receive the News in doleful Dumps:
"The Dean is dead: (Pray what is Trumps?)
Then, Lord, have Mercy on his Soul!
(Ladies, I'll venture for the Vole.)
Six Deans, they say, must bear the Pall:
(I wish I knew what King to call.)
Madam, your Husband will attend
The Fun'ral, of so good a Friend.
No, Madam, 'tis a shocking Sight:
And he's engag'd to-morrow Night:

My Lady Club wou'd take it ill,
 If he shou'd fail her at Quadrille.
 He lov'd the Dean—(I lead a Heart,)
 But dearest Friends, they say, must part.
 His Time was come : he ran his Race ;
 We hope he's in a better Place."

Why do we grieve that Friends should dye ?
 No Loss more easy to supply.

One Year is past ; a different Scene !
 No further mention of the Dean ;
 Who now, alas ! no more is mist,
 Than if he never did exist.
 Where's now this fav'rite of *Apollo* ?
 Departed :—*And his Works must follow :*

Some Country Squire to *Lintot* goes,
 Inquires for *Swift* in Verse and Prose.
 Says *Lintot*, " I have heard the name ;
 He dyed a Year ago."—" The same."
 He searches all the Shop in vain.
 " Sir, you may find them in *Duck Lane* ;
 I sent them, with a Load of Books,
 Last Monday to the Pastry Cook's.
 To fancy, they could live a Year !
 I find, you're but a Stranger here.
 The Dean was famous in his Time,
 And had a kind of Knack at Rhime.
 His way of Writing now is past :
 The Town has got a better Taste ;
 I keep no antiquated Stuff,
 But Spick and Span I have enough.
 Pray do but give me leave to show 'em ;
 Here's *Colley Cibber's* Birthday poem.
 This Ode you never yet have seen,
 By *Stephen Duck* upon the Queen.
 Then, here's a Letter finely penn'd
 Against the Craftsman and his Friend :
 It clearly shows that all Reflection
 On Ministers is Disaffection.

Eighteenth-Century Poems

“ Perhaps I may allow, the Dean,
Had too much Satyr in his Vein ;
And seem'd determin'd not to starve it,
Because no Age could more deserve it.
Yet Malice never was his Aim ;
He lash'd the Vice, but spar'd the Name ;
No Individual could resent,
Where Thousands equally were meant ;
His Satyr points at no Defect,
But what all Mortals may correct ;
For he abhorr'd that senseless Tribe
Who call it Humour when they jibe :
He spar'd a Hump, or crooked Nose,
Whose Owners set not up for Beaux.
True genuine Dullness mov'd his Pity,
Unless it offer'd to be witty.
Those who their Ignorance confess'd,
He ne'er offended with a Jest ;
But laugh'd to hear an Idiot quote
A verse from *Horace* learn'd by Rote.
Vice if it e'er can be abash'd,
Must be or *Ridicul'd* or *Lash'd*.
If you *resent* it, who's to blame ?
He neither knew *you* nor your *Name*.
Should Vice expect to 'scape Rebuke,
Because its Owner is a Duke ?

“ He knew a hundred pleasant Stories,
With all the Turns of *Whigs* and *Tories* :
Was chearful to his dying Day ;
His Friends would let him have his Way.

“ He gave the little Wealth he had
To build a House for Fools and Mad ;
And shew'd by one satyric Touch,
No Nation wanted it so much.
That Kingdom he had left his Debtor,
I wish it soon may have a better.
And, since you dread no farther Lashes
Methinks you may forgive his Ashes.”

JONATHAN SWIFT.

1731-1740

SONG

As swift as Time put round the Glass,
And husband well Life's little Space ;
Perhaps your Sun which shines so bright,
May set in everlasting Night.

Or if the Sun again should rise,
Death, ere the Morn, may close our Eyes,
Then drink before it be too late,
And snatch the present Hour from Fate.

Come, fill a Bumper, fill it round,
Let Mirth and Wit and Wine abound ;
In these alone True Wisdom lies,
For to be Merry's to be Wise.

ANONYMOUS.

SONG

O ruddier than the Cherry,
O sweeter than the Berry,
 O Nymph more bright
 Than Moonshine Night
Like Kidlings blith and merry.
Ripe as the Melting Cluster
No Lilly has such Lustre,
 Yet hard to tame
 As raging Flame
And fierce as Storms that bluster.

JOHN GAY.

SONG

Written in the Year 1732

WHEN *Delia* on the plain appears,
Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
I wou'd approach, but dare not move ;
Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love ?

Eighteenth-Century Poems

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
No other voice but her's can hear,
No other wit but her's approve ;
Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love ?

If she some other youth commend,
Though I was once his fondest friend,
His instant enemy I prove ;
Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love ?

When she is absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before,
The clearest spring, or shadiest grove ;
Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love ?

When fond of pow'r, of beauty vain,
Her nets she spread for ev'ry swain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove ;
Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love ?

GEORGE LYTTTELTON, LORD LYTTTELTON.

SONG

UNLESS with my *Amanda* blest
In vain I twine the woodbine bower ;
Unless to deck her sweeter breast,
In vain I rear the breathing flower :

Awaken'd by the genial year,
In vain the birds around me sing ;
In vain the fresh'ning fields appear :
Without my love there is no spring.

JAMES THOMSON.

FROM A HINT IN THE MINOR POETS

No ! not for Those of Women born
Not so unlike the Die is cast ;
For, after all our Vaunt and Scorn,
How very small the Odds at last !

Him, rais'd to Fortune's utmost Top,
With Him beneath her Feet compare ;
And One has nothing more to hope,
And One has nothing more to fear.

SAMUEL WESLEY THE YOUNGER.

A PIPE OF TOBACCO

IN IMITATION OF SIX SEVERAL AUTHORS

IMITATION V [POPE]

*Vanescit Solis ad ortus
Fumus.*

LUCAN.

BLEST Leaf ! whose aromatic Gales dispense
To Templars Modesty, to Parsons sense :
So raptur'd Priests, at fam'd *Dodona's* Shrine
Drank Inspiration from the Steam divine.
Poison that cures, a Vapour that affords
Content, more solid than the Smile of Lords :
Rest to the Weary, to the Hungry Food,
The last kind Refuge of the Wise and Good :
Inspir'd by Thee, dull Cits adjust the Scale
Of *Europe's* Peace, when other statesmen fail.
By Thee protected, and thy Sister, Beer,
Poets rejoice, nor think the Bailiff near.
Nor less, the Critic owns thy genial Aid,
While supperless he plies the piddling Trade.
What tho' to Love and soft Delights a Foe,
By Ladies hated, hated by the Beau,
Yet social Freedom, long to Courts unknown,
Fair Health, fair Truth, and Virtue are thy own.
Come to thy Poet, come with healing Wings,
And let me taste Thee unexcis'd by Kings.

ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE.

Eighteenth-Century Poems

THE SPLEEN: AN EPISTLE

INSCRIBED TO HIS PARTICULAR FRIEND
MR. C[UTHBERT] J[ACKSON]

Orandum est, ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.

BY THE LATE MR. MATTHEW GREEN, OF THE CUSTOM-
HOUSE, *London.*

THIS motly piece to you I send,
Who always were a faithful friend,
Who, if disputes should happen hence,
Can best explain the author's sense,
And, anxious for the publick weal,
Do, what I sing, so often feel.

The want of method pray excuse,
Allowing for a vapour'd Muse ;
Nor, to a narrow path confin'd,
Hedge in by rules a roving mind.

The child is genuine, you can trace,
Throughout, the fire's transmitted face.
Nothing is stol'n : my Muse, tho' mean,
Draws from the spring, she finds within ;
Nor vainly buys, what Gildon sells,
Poetic buckets for dry wells.

First know, my friend, I do not mean
To write a treatise on the spleen ;
Nor to prescribe, when nerves convulse,
Nor mend th' alarum watch, your pulse :
If I am right, your question lay,
What course I take to drive away
The day-mare spleen, by whose false pleas
Men prove mere suicides in ease ;
And how I do myself demean
In stormy world to live serene.

To cure the mind's wrong biass, spleen,
Some recommend the bowling-green ;

Some, hilly walks ; all, exercise ;
 Fling but a stone, the giant dies ;
 Laugh and be well ; monkeys have been
 Extreme good doctors for the spleen ;
 And kitten, if the humour hit,
 Has harlequin'd away the fit.

Since mirth is good on this behalf,
 At some partic'lars let us laugh.
 Witlings, brisk fools curs't with half sense,
 That stimulates their impotence,
 Who buzz in rhyme, and, like blind flies,
 Err with their wings for want of eyes ;
 Poor authors worshipping a calf ;
 Deep tragedies, that make us laugh ;
 A strict dissenter saying grace ;
 A lecturer preaching for a place ;
 Folks, things prophetic to dispense,
 Making the past the future tense ;
 The popish dubbing of a priest ;
 Fine epitaphs on knaves deceas'd ;
 Green-apron'd Pythonissa's rage ;
 Great Æsculapius on his stage ;
 A miser starving to be rich ;
 The prior of Newgate's dying speech ;
 A jointur'd widow's ritual state ;
 Two Jews disputing tête à tête ;
 New almanacks compos'd by seers ;
 Experiments on felon's ears ;
 Disdainful prudes, who ceaseless ply
 The superb muscle of the eye ;
 A coquet's April-weather face ;
 A Queenb'rough mayor behind his mace ;
 And fops in military shew,
 Are sovereign for the case in view.

.

Now, if untir'd, consider friend,
 What I avoid, to gain my end.

I never am at Meeting seen,
 Meeting, that region of the spleen ;

Eighteenth-Century Poems

The broken heart, the busy fiend,
The inward call on spleen depend.

That tribe, whose practicals decree
Small-beer the deadliest heresy ;
Who, fond of pedigree, derive
From the most noted whore alive,
Who own wine's old prophetick aid,
And love the mitre, Bacchus made,
Forbid the faithful to depend
On half-pint drinkers for a friend ;
And in whose gay red-letter'd face
We read good-living more than grace :
Nor they so pure, and so precise,
Immac'late as their white of eyes ;
Who for the spirit hugg the Spleen
Phylacter'd throughout all their mien ;
Who their ill-tasted home-brew'd prayer
To the state's mellow forms prefer ;
Who doctrines, as infectious, fear,
Which are not steep'd in vinegar ;
And samples of heart-chested grace
Expose in shew-glass of the face ;
Did never me as yet provoke,
Either to honour band and cloak,
Or deck my hat with leaves of oak.

I rail not with mock-patriot grace
At folks, because they are in place,
Nor, hir'd to praise with stallion pen
Serve the ear-lechery of men ;
But to avoid religious jarrs
The laws are my expositors,
Which in my doubting mind create
Conformity to church and state.
I go, pursuant to my plan,
To Mecca with the caravan,
And think it right in common sense
Both for diversion and defence.

Reforming schemes are none of mine,
To mend the world's a vast design,

Like theirs, who tug in little boat
 To pull to them the ship afloat,
 While, to defeat their labour'd end,
 At once both wind and stream contend :
 Success herein is seldom seen,
 And zeal, when baffled, turns to spleen.

Happy the man, who innocent
 Grieves not at ills, he can't prevent ;
 His skiff does with the current glide,
 Not puffing pull'd against the tide ;
 He, paddling by the scuffling crowd,
 Sees unconcern'd life's wager row'd,
 And when he can't prevent foul-play,
 Enjoys the folly of the fray.

I in no soul-consumption wait
 Whole years at levees of the great,
 And hungry hopes regale the while
 On the spare diet of a smile.
 There you may see the idol stand
 With mirrour in his wanton hand ;
 Above, below, now here, now there
 He throws about the sunny glare ;
 Crowds pant, and press to seize the prize,
 The gay delusion of their eyes.

When fancy tries her limning skill
 To draw and colour at her will,
 And raise and round the figures well,
 And shew her talent to excel,
 I guard my heart, lest it should woo
 Unreal beauties, fancy drew,
 And disappointed feel despair
 At loss of things, that never were.

The fabled goods, the poets sing,
 A season of perpetual spring,
 Brooks, flow'ry fields, and groves of trees
 Affording sweets, and similes,

Eighteenth-Century Poems

Gay dreams inspir'd in myrtle bow'rs,
And wreaths of undecaying flow'rs,
Apollo's harp with airs divine,
The sacred musick of the nine,
Views of the temple rais'd to fame,
And for a vacant nitch proud aim
Ravish their souls, and plainly shew,
What fancy's sketching pow'r can do ;
They will attempt the mountain steep,
Where on the top, like dreams in sleep,
The Muses revelations shew,
That find men crackt, or make them so.

You friend, like me, the trade of rhyme
Avoid, elab'rate waste of time,
Nor are content to be undone,
And pass for Phoebus' crazy son.
Poems, the hop-grounds of the brain,
Afford the most uncertain gain ;
And lott'ries never tempt the wise,
With blanks so many to a prize.
I only transient visits pay,
Meeting the Muses in my way,
Scarce known to the fastidious dames,
Nor skill'd to call them by their names ;
Nor can their passports in these days
Your profit warrant, or your praise :
On poems by their dictates writ
Criticks, as sworn appraisers sit,
And, mere upholsterers, in a trice
On gems and paintings set a price ;
These Tayl'ring artists for our lays
Invent cramp'd rules, and with strait stays
Striving free nature's shape to hit,
Emaciate sense, before they fit.

Thus shelter'd free from care and strife,
May I enjoy a calm thro' life ;
See faction, safe in low degree,
As men at land see storms at sea ;

And laugh at miserable elves
 Not kind, so much as to themselves,
 Curs't with such souls of base alloy,
 As can possess, but not enjoy.
 Debarr'd the pleasure to impart
 By av'rice, sphincter of the heart,
 Who wealth, hard earn'd by guilty cares,
 Bequeath untouch'd to thankless heirs.
 May I, with look ungloom'd by guile,
 And wearing virtue's livery-smile ;
 Prone the distressed to relieve,
 And little trespasses forgive ;
 With income not in fortune's pow'r,
 And skill to make a busy hour ;
 With trips to town, life to amuse,
 To purchase books, and hear the news,
 To see old friends, brush off the clown,
 And quicken taste at coming down ;
 Unhurt by sickness' blasting rage,
 And slowly mellowing in age,
 When fate extends its gath'ring gripe
 Fall off like fruit grown fully ripe,
 Quit a worn being without pain,
 Perhaps to blossom soon again.

.
 To Thee, creator uncreate,
 O Entium Ens divinely great !—
 Hold, Muse, nor melting pinions try ;
 Nor near the blazing glory fly ;
 Nor straining break thy feeble bow,
 Unfeather'd arrows far to throw ;
 Thro' fields unknown nor madly stray,
 Where no ideas mark the way ;
 With tender eyes, and colours faint,
 And trembling hands forbear to paint.
 Who features veil'd by light can hit ?
 Where can, what has no outline, sit ?
 My soul, the vain attempt forgo,
 Thyself, the fitter subject, know,

Eighteenth-Century Poems

He wisely shuns the bold extreme,
Who soon lays by th' unequal theme,
Nor runs, with wisdom's Sirens caught,
On quicksand swallowing shipwreck't thought ;
But, conscious of his distance, gives
Mute praise, and humble negatives.
In one, no object of our sight,
Immutable and infinite,
Who can't be cruel, or unjust,
Calm and resign'd, I fix my trust ;
To him my past and present state
I owe, and must my future fate.
A stranger into life I'm come,
Dying may be our going home,
Transported here by angry fate,
The convicts of a prior state :
Hence I no anxious thoughts bestow
On matters, I can never know.
Thro' life's foul ways, like vagrant, pass'd,
He'll grant a settlement at last ;
And with sweet ease the wearied crown,
By leave to lay his being down.
If doom'd to dance th' eternal round
Of life, no sooner lost than found ;
And dissolution soon to come,
Like sponge, wipes out life's present sum,
But can't our state of pow'r bereave
An endless series to receive :
Then if hard dealt with here by fate,
We ballance in another state,
And consciousness must go along,
And sign th' acquittance for the wrong ;
He for his creatures must decree
More happiness than misery,
Or be supposed to create,
Curious to try, what 'tis to hate,
And do an act, which rage infers,
'Cause lameness halts, or blindness errs.
Thus, thus I steer my bark, and sail
On even keel with gentle gale.

At helm I make my reason sit,
 My crew of passions all submit.
 If dark and blust'ring prove some nights
 Philosophy puts forth her lights ;
 Experience holds the cautious glass,
 To shun the breakers, as I pass ;
 And frequent throws the wary lead,
 To see what dangers may be hid.
 And once in seven years I'm seen
 At Bath, or Tunbridge to careen.
 Tho' pleas'd to see the dolphins play,
 I mind my compass and my way ;
 With store sufficient for relief,
 And wisely still prepar'd to reef ;
 Nor wanting the dispersive bowl
 Of cloudy weather in the soul,
 I make (may heaven propitious send
 Such wind and weather to the end)
 Neither becalm'd, nor overblown,
 Life's voyage to the world unknown.

MATTHEW GREEN.

[THE LIFE OF A BEAU]

How brimfull of *nothing's* the Life of a Beau !
 They've *nothing* to think of, they've nothing to do ;
 Nor they've *nothing* to talk of, for—nothing they know :
 Such, such is the Life of a Beau.

For *nothing* they rise, but to draw the fresh Air ;
 Spend the Morning in *nothing* but curling their Hair ;
 And do *nothing* all Day but Sing, Santer and Stare :
 Such, such is the Life of a Beau.

For *nothing* at Night to the Playhouse they croud,
 For to mind *nothing* done there they always are proud,
 But to bow, and to grin, and talk—*nothing* aloud :
 Such, such is the Life of a Beau.

Eighteenth-Century Poems

For *nothing* they run to th' Assembly and Ball ;
And for *nothing* at Cards a fair Partner call,
For they still must be blasted who've—*nothing* at all :
Such, such is the Life of a Beau.

For *nothing* on *Sundays* at Church they appear,
For they've *nothing* to hope, nor they've *nothing* to fear ;
They can be *nothing* nowhere, who—*nothing* are here :
Such, such is the Life of a Beau.

JAMES MILLER.

HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS-DAY

HARK how all the Welkin rings
“ Glory to the King of Kings,
Peace on Earth, and Mercy mild,
God and Sinners reconcil'd ! ”

Joyful all ye Nations rise,
Join the Triumph of the Skies,
Universal Nature say
“ Christ the Lord is born To-day ! ”

Christ, by highest Heav'n ador'd,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in Time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's Womb.

Veil'd in Flesh, the Godhead see,
Hail, th' Incarnate Deity !
Pleas'd as Man with Men t'appear
Jesus, our *Immanuel* here.

Hail, the heav'nly Prince of Peace !
Hail the Sun of Righteousness !
Light and Life to all He brings,
Ris'n with Healing in his Wings,

1731-1740

Mild He lays his Glory by,
Born—that Man no more may die,
Born—to raise the Sons of Earth,
Born—to give them second Birth.

Come, Desire of Nations, come,
Fix in us thy humble Home,
Rise, the Woman's conqu'ring Seed,
Bruise in us the Serpent's Head.

Now display thy saving Power,
Ruin'd Nature now restore,
Now in mystic Union join
Thine to ours, and ours to Thine.

Adam's Likeness, Lord, efface,
Stamp thy Image in its Place,
Second *Adam* from above,
Reinstate us in thy Love.

Let us Thee, tho' lost, regain
Thee, the Life, the inner Man ;
O ! to All Thyself impart,
Form'd in each believing Heart !

CHARLES WESLEY.

IN TEMPTATION

JESU, Lover of my Soul,
Let me to thy Bosom fly
While the nearer Waters roll
While the Tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the Storm of Life is past :
Safe into the Haven guide ;
O receive my Soul at last.

Eighteenth-Century Poems

Other Refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless Soul on Thee,
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
Still support, and comfort me.
All my Trust on Thee is stay'd ;
All my Help from Thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless Head,
With the Shadow of thy Wing.

Wilt thou not regard my Call ?
Wilt thou not accept my Prayer ?
Lo ! I sink, I faint, I fall—
Lo ! on Thee I cast my Care :
Reach me out thy gracious Hand !
While I of thy Strength receive,
Hoping against Hope I stand,
Dying, and behold I live !

Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find :
Raise the Fallen, cheer the Faint,
Heal the Sick, and lead the Blind,
Just, and holy is thy Name,
I am all Unrighteousness,
False, and full of Sin I am,
Thou art full of Truth and Grace.

Plenteous Grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my Sin :
Let the healing Streams abound,
Make, and keep me pure within :
Thou of Life the Fountain art :
Freely let me take of Thee,
Spring Thou up within my Heart,
Rise to all Eternity.

CHARLES WESLEY.

ADMIRAL HOSIER'S GHOST

TO THE TUNE OF "*Come and Listen to my Ditty*"

As, near *Porto-Bello* lying,
 On the gently swelling Flood,
 At Midnight, with Streamers flying,
 Our triumphant Navy rode,
 There, while *Vernon* sate all glorious
 From the *Spaniards* late Defeat,
 And his Crew, with Shouts victorious
 Drank Success to *England's* Fleet.

On a sudden, shrilly Sounding,
 Heideous Yells and Shrieks were heard ;
 Then, each Heart with Fears confounding,
 A sad Troop of Ghosts appear'd ;
 All in dreary Hammocks shrouded,
 Which for winding Sheets they wore ;
 And with Looks by Sorrow clouded,
 Frowning on that hostile Shore.

On them gleam'd the Moon's wan Lustre,
 When the Shade of *Hosier* brave,
 His Pale Band was seen to muster,
 Rising from their wat'ry Grave :
 O'er the glimmering Wave he hy'd him,
 Where the *Burford* rear'd her Sail,
 With three thousand Ghosts beside him,
 And in Groans did *Vernon* hail.

" Heed, oh heed ! my fatal Story,
 I am *Hosier's* injur'd Ghost ;
 You who now have purchas'd Glory
 At this Place where I was lost ;
 Tho' in *Porto Bello's* ruin
 You now triumph, free from Fears,
 Yet to hear of our undoing,
 You will mix your Joys with Tears.

Eighteenth-Century Poems

“ See yon mournful Spectres sweeping,
Ghastly, o’er this hated Wave,
Whose wan Cheeks are Stain’d with Weeping ;
These were *English* Captains brave ;
And these Numbers pale and horrid,
Were my Sailors once so bold,
Lo, each hangs his drooping Forehead,
While his dismal Fate is told.

“ I, by twenty Sail attended,
Did this *Spanish* Town affright,
Nothing then its Wealth defended
But my Orders not to fight ;
Oh that, with my Wrath complying,
I had cast them in the Main,
Then, no more unactive lying,
I had low’red the Pride of Spain.

“ For resistance I could fear none,
But with twenty Ships had done,
What thou, brave and happy *Vernon*,
Didst atchieve with Six alone.
Then the Bastimentos never,
Had our foul Dishonour seen
Nor the Sea the sad Receiver
Of these gallant Men had been.

“ Thus, like thee proud *Spain* dismaying,
And her Galleons, leading home,
Tho’ condemn’d for disobeying,
I had not a Traytor’s Doom.
To have fall’n my Country Crying,
‘ He has play’d an *English* Part,’
Had been better far than Dying,
Of a griev’d and broken Heart.

“ Unrepining at thy Glory,
Thy successful Arms we hail,
But remember our sad Story,
When to *Britain* back you sail !

1741-1750

All your Country's Foes subduing,
When your Patriot Friends you see,
Think on Vengeance for my ruin
And for *England* sham'd in me."

RICHARD GLOVER.

A LOYAL SONG

SUNG AT THE THEATRES ROYAL

God save great George our King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King.

Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter our Enemies,
And make them fall :
Confound their Politicks,
Frustrate their knavish Tricks,
On Thee our Hopes we fix,
God save us all.

Thy choicest Gifts in Store,
On *George* be pleas'd to pour,
Long may he reign ;
May he defend our Laws,
And ever give us Cause
With Heart and Voice to sing
God save the King.

ANONYMOUS.

SONNET

ON THE DEATH OF RICHARD WEST

IN vain to me the smiling Mornings shine,
And redd'ning Phoebus lifts his golden fire :
The birds in vain their amorous descant join ;
Or chearful fields resume their green attire :

Eighteenth-Century Poems

These ears, alas ! for other notes repine,
A different object do these eyes require :
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine ;
And in my breast the imperfect joys expire.
Yet Morning smiles the busy race to chear,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men :
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear :
To warm their little loves the birds complain :
I fruitless mourn to him, that cannot hear,
And weep the more, because I weep in vain.
THOMAS GRAY.

A PASTORAL BALLAD, IN FOUR PARTS

Written 1743

Arbusta humilesque myricæ.—VIRG.

I. ABSENCE

YE shepherds so chearful and gay,
Whose flocks never carelessly roam ;
Should *Corydon's* happen to stray,
Oh ! call the poor wanderers home.
Allow me to muse and to sigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find ;
None once was so watchful as I :
—I have left my dear *Phyllis* behind.

Now I know what it is, to have strove
With the torture of doubt and desire ;
What it is, to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.
Ah lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each ev'ning repel ;
Alas ! I am faint and forlorn :
—I have bade my dear *Phyllis* farewell.

Since *Phyllis* vouchsaf'd me a look,
I never once dreamt of my vine ;
May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine.

1741-1750

I priz'd every hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before ;
But now they are past, and I sigh ;
And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

But why do I languish in vain ?
Why wander thus pensively here ?
Oh ! why did I come from the plain,
Where I fed on the smiles of my dear ?
They tell me, my favourite maid,
The pride of that valley, is flown ;
Alas ! where with her I have stray'd
I could wander with pleasure, alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
What anguish I felt at my heart !
Yet I thought—but it might not be so—
'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
She gaz'd as I slowly withdrew ;
My path I could hardly discern ;
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day
To visit some far-distant shrine,
If he bear but a relique away,
Is happy, nor heard to repine.
Thus widely remov'd from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
Soft hope is the relique I bear,
And my solace wherever I go.

II. HOPE

My banks they are furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep ;
My grottos are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white-over with sheep.
I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow ;
My fountains all border'd with moss,
Where the harebells and violets grow.

Eighteenth-Century Poems

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound :
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a sweet-briar entwines it around.
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold :
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear ;
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
But I hasted and planted it there.
Oh how sudden the jessamine strove
With the lilac to render it gay !
Already it calls for my love,
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
What strains of wild melody flow ?
How the nightingales warble their loves
From thickets of roses that blow !
And when her bright form shall appear,
Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so soft and so clear,
As—she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair ;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed :
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will say 'twas a barbarous deed.
For he ne'er could be true, she aver'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young :
And I lov'd her the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold
How that pity was due to—a dove ;
That it ever attended the bold,
And she call'd it the sister of love.

But her words such a pleasure convey,
 So much I her accents adore,
 Let her speak, and whatever she say,
 Methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain
 Unmov'd, when her *Corydon* sighs !
 Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
 These plains and this valley despise ?
 Dear regions of silence and shade !
 Soft scenes of contentment and ease !
 Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,
 If aught, in her absence, could please.

But where does my *Phyllida* stray ?
 And where are her grots and her bow'rs ?
 Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
 And the shepherds as gentle as ours ?
 The groves may perhaps be as fair,
 And the face of the valleys as fine ;
 The swains may in manners compare,
 But their love is not equal to mine.

III. SOLICITUDE

Why will you my passion reprove ?
 Why term it a folly to grieve ?
 Ere I shew you the charms of my love,
 She is fairer than you can believe.
 With her mien she enamours the brave ;
 With her wit she engages the free ;
 With her modesty pleases the grave ;
 She is ev'ry way pleasing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
 Come and join in my amorous lays ;
 I could lay down my life for the swain,
 That will sing but a song in her praise.
 When he sings, may the nymphs of the town
 Come trooping, and listen the while ;
 Nay on him let not *Phyllida* frown ;
 —But I cannot allow her to smile.

Eighteenth-Century Poems

For when *Paridel* tries in the dance
Any favour with *Phyllis* to find,
O how, with one trivial glance,
Might she ruin the peace of my mind !
In ringlets he dresses his hair,
And his crook is be-studded around ;
And his pipe—oh may *Phyllis* beware
Of a magic there is in the sound.

'Tis his with mock passion to glow ;
'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold,
“ How her face is as bright as the snow,
And her bosom, be sure, is as cold ?
How the nightingales labour the strain,
With the notes of his charmer to vie ;
How they vary their accents in vain,
Repine at her triumphs, and die.”

To the grove or the garden he strays,
And pillages every sweet ;
Then, suiting the wreath to his lays,
He throws it at *Phyllis's* feet.
“ O *Phyllis*,” he whispers, “ more fair,
More sweet than the jessamin's flow'r !
What are pinks in a morn to compare ?
What is eglantine after a show'r ? ”

“ Then the lily no longer is white ;
Then the rose is depriv'd of its bloom,
Then the violets die with despight,
And the woodbines give up their perfume.”
Thus glide the soft numbers along,
And he fancies no shepherd his peer ;
—Yet I never should envy the song,
Were not *Phyllis* to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
So *Phyllis* the trophy despise ;
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
So they shine not in *Phyllis's* eyes.

The language that flows from the heart
 Is a stranger to *Paridel's* tongue :
 —Yet may she beware of his art,
 Or sure I must envy the song.

IV. DISAPPOINTMENT

Ye shepherds give ear to my lay,
 And take no more heed of my sheep :
 They have nothing to do, but to stray ;
 I have nothing to do, but to weep.
 Yet do not my folly reprove ;
 She was fair—and my passion begun ;
 She smil'd—and I could not but love ;
 She is faithless—and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought ;
 Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
 That a nymph so compleat would be sought
 By a swain more engaging than me.
 Ah ! love ev'ry hope can inspire :
 It banishes wisdom the while ;
 And the lip of the nymph we admire
 Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

She is faithless, and I am undone ;
 Ye that witness the woes I endure,
 Let reason instruct you to shun,
 What it cannot instruct you to cure.
 Beware how you loiter in vain
 Amid nymphs of an higher degree :
 It is not for me to explain
 How fair, and how fickle they be.

Alas ! from the day that we met,
 What hope of an end to my woes ?
 When I cannot endure to forget
 The glance that undid my repose.
 Yet time may diminish the pain :
 The flow'r, and the shrub, and the tree,
 Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,
 In time may have comfort for me.

Eighteenth-Century Poems

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
The sound of a murmuring stream,
The peace which from solitude flows,
Henceforth shall be *Corydon's* theme.
High transports are shewn to the sight,
But we are not to find them our own ;
Fate never bestow'd such delight,
As I with my *Phyllis* had known.

O ye woods, spread your branches apace ;
To your deepest recesses I fly ;
I would hide with the beasts of the chace ;
I would vanish from every eye.
Yet my reed shall resound thro' the grove
With the same sad complaint it begun ;
How she smil'd, and I could not but love ;
Was faithless, and I am undone !

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

SONG XII. 1744

O'ER desert plains, and rushy meers,
And wither'd heaths I rove ;
Where tree, nor spire, nor cot appears,
I pass to meet my love.

But, tho' my path were damask'd o'er
With beauties e'er so fine ;
My busy thoughts would fly before,
To fix alone—on thine.

No fir-crown'd hills cou'd give delight,
No palace please mine eye ;
No pyramid's ærial height,
Where mouldering monarchs lie.

Unmov'd, should Eastern kings advance ;
Could I the pageant see :
Splendour might catch one scornful glance,
Not steal one thought from thee.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

1741-1750

ELEGY VIII

HE DESCRIBES HIS EARLY LOVE OF POETRY, AND ITS
CONSEQUENCES.—TO MR. G[RAVES]. 1745.¹

AH me ! what envious magic thins my fold ?
What mutter'd spell retards their late increase ?
Such less'ning fleeces must the swain behold,
That e'er with Doric pipe essays to please.

I saw my friends in ev'ning circles meet ;
I took my vocal reed, and tun'd my lay ;
I heard them say my vocal reed was sweet ;
Ah fool ! to credit what I heard them say.

Ill-fated bard ! that seeks his skill to show,
Then courts the judgment of a friendly ear !
Not the poor veteran, that permits his foe
To guide his doubtful step, has more to fear.

Nor cou'd my G[raves] mistake the critic's laws,
Till pious friendship mark'd the pleasing way.
Welcome such error ! ever blest the cause !
Ev'n tho' it led me boundless leagues astray !

Couldst thou reprove me, when I nurs'd the flame,
On list'ning *Cherwell's* osier banks reclin'd ?
While foe to fortune, uneduc'd by fame,
I sooth'd the biass of a careless mind.

Youth's gentle kindred, health and love were met ;
What tho' in *Alma's* guardian arms I play'd ?
How shall the Muse those vacant hours forget ?
Or deem that bliss by solid cares repaid ?

Thou know'st how transport thrills the tender breast,
Where love and fancy fix their op'ning reign ;
How Nature shines, in livelier colours drest,
To bless their union, and to grace their train.

¹ Written after the death of Mr. Pope.

Eighteenth-Century Poems

So first when *Phæbus* met the Cyprian queen,
And favour'd *Rhodes* beheld their passion crown'd,
Unusual flow'rs enrich'd the painted green ;
And swift spontaneous roses blush'd around.

Now sadly lorn, from *Twitnam's* widow'd bow'r,
The drooping Muses take their casual way ;
And where they stop, a flood of tears they pour ;
And where they weep, no more the fields are gay.

Where is the dappled pink, the sprightly rose ?
The cowslip's golden cup no more I see :
Dark and discolour'd ev'ry flow'r that blows,
To form the garland, Elegy ! for thee !—

Enough of tears has wept the virtuous dead ;
Ah ! might we now the pious rage controul !
Hush'd be my grief ere ev'ry smile be fled,
Ere the deep swelling sigh subvert the soul !

If near some trophy spring a stripling bay,
Pleas'd we behold the graceful umbrage rise ;
But soon too deep it works its baneful way,
And, low on earth, the prostrate ruin lies.¹

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

WRITTEN AT AN INN AT HENLEY

To thee, fair freedom ! I retire
From flattery, cards, and dice, and din ;
Nor art thou found in mansions higher
Than the low cott, or humble inn.

'Tis here with boundless pow'r I reign ;
And ev'ry health which I begin,
Converts dull port to bright champaigne ;
Such freedom crowns it, at an inn.

¹ Alludes to what is reported of the bay-tree, that if it is planted too near the walls of an edifice, its roots will work their way underneath, till they destroy the foundation.

1741-1750

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate !
I fly from falsehood's specious grin !
Freedom I love, and form I hate,
And chuse my lodgings at an inn.

Here, waiter ! take my sordid ore,
Which lacqueys else might hope to win ;
It buys, what courts have not in store ;
It buys me freedom, at an inn.

Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome, at an inn.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

ADDRESSED TO AN OFFICER IN THE ARMY—
EXTEMPORE

INTENDED TO ALLAY THE VIOLENCE OF PARTY-SPIRIT

GOD bless the King, I mean the Faith's Defender ;
God bless—no Harm in blessing—the Pretender ;
But who Pretender is, or who is King,
God bless us all—that's quite another Thing.

JOHN BYROM.

ODE

WRITTEN IN THE BEGINNING OF THE YEAR 1746

How sleep the Brave, who sink to Rest,
By all their Country's Wishes blest !
When *Spring*, with dewy Fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd Mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter Sod,
Than *Fancy's* Feet have ever trod.

By Fairy Hands their knell is rung,
By Forms unseen their Dirge is sung ;

Eighteenth-Century Poems

There *Honour* comes, a Pilgrim grey,
To bless the Turf that wraps their Clay,
And Freedom shall a-while repair,
To dwell a weeping Hermit there !

WILLIAM COLLINS.

ODE TO SIMPLICITY

O THOU by *Nature* taught,
To breathe her genuine Thought,
In Numbers warmly pure, and sweetly strong :
Who first on Mountains wild,
In *Fancy* loveliest Child,
Thy Babe, or *Pleasure's*, nurs'd the Pow'rs of Song !

Thou, who with Hermit Heart
Disdain'st the Wealth of Art,
And Gauds, and pageant Weeds, and trailing Pall :
But com'st a decent Maid,
In *Attic* Robe array'd,
O chaste unboastful Nymph, to Thee I call !

By all the honey'd Store
On *Hybla's* Thymy Shore,
By all her Blooms, and mingled Murmurs dear,
By Her whose Love-born Woe
In Ev'ning Musings slow,
Sooth'd sweetly sad *Electra's* Poet's Ear :

By old *Cephus* deep,
Who spread his wavy Sweep
In warbled Wand'rings round thy green Retreat,
On whose enamel'd Side
When holy *Freedom* died
No equal Haunt allur'd thy future Feet.

O Sister meek of Truth,
To my admiring Youth,
Thy sober Aid and native Charms infuse !
The Flow'rs that sweetest breathe,
Tho' Beauty cull'd the Wreath,
Still ask thy Hand to range their order'd Hues.

1741-1750

While *Rome* could none esteem
But Virtue's Patriot Theme,
You lov'd her Hills, and led her Laureate Band :
But staid to sing alone
To one distinguish'd Throne,
And turn'd thy Face, and fled her alter'd Land.

No more, in Hall or Bow'r,
The Passions own thy Pow'r,
Love, only Love her forceless Numbers mean :
For Thou hast left her Shrine,
Nor Olive more, nor Vine,
Shall gain thy Feet to bless the servile Scene.

Tho' Taste, tho' Genius bless,
To some divine Excess,
Faints the cold Work till Thou inspire the whole ;
What each, what all supply,
May court, may charm our Eye,
Thou, only Thou, can'st raise the meeting Soul !

Of These let others ask,
To aid some mighty Task,
I only seek to find thy temp'rate Vale :
Where oft my Reed might sound
To Maids and Shepherds round,
And all thy sons, O *Nature*, learn my Tale.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

ODE TO EVENING

If ought of Oaten Stop, or Pastoral Song,
May hope, O pensive *Eve*, to sooth thine Ear,
Like thy own brawling springs,
Thy Springs, and dying Gales,

O *Nymph* reserv'd, while now the bright-hair'd Sun
Sits in yon western Tent, whose cloudy Skirts,
With Brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy Bed :

Eighteenth-Century Poems

Now Air is hush'd, save where the weak-ey'd Bat,
With short shrill Shriek flits by on leathern Wing,
Or where the Beetle winds
His small but sullen Horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight Path,
Against the Pilgrim born in heedless Hum :
Now teach me, *Maid* compos'd,
To breathe some soften'd Strain,

Whose Numbers stealing thro' thy dark'ning Vale,
May not unseemly with its Stillness suit,
As musing slow, I hail
Thy genial lov'd Return !

For when thy folding Star arising shews
His paly Circlet, at his warning Lamp
The fragrant *Hours*, and *Elves*
Who slept in Buds the Day,

And many a *Nymph* who wreaths her Brows with Sedge,
And sheds the fresh'ning Dew, and lovelier still,
The *Pensive Pleasures* sweet
Prepare thy shadowy Car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy Scene,
Or find some Ruin, 'midst its dreary Dells,
Whose Walls more awful nod
By thy religious Gleams.

Or if chill blust'ring Winds, or driving Rain,
Prevent my willing Feet, be mine the Hut,
That from the Mountain's Side,
Views Wilds, and swelling Floods,

And Hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd Spires,
And hears their simple Bell, and marks o'er all
Thy Dewy Fingers draw
The gradual dusky Veil.

While *Spring* shall pour his Show'rs, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing Tresses, meekest *Eve* !

While *Summer* loves to sport,
Beneath thy ling'ring Light :

While sallow *Autumn* fills thy lap with Leaves,
Or *Winter*, yelling thro' the troublous Air,
Affrights thy shrinking Train,
And rudely rends thy Robes.

So long regardful of thy quiet Rule,
Shall *Fancy*, *Friendship*, *Science*, smiling *Peace*,
Thy gentlest Influence own,
And love thy fav'rite Name !

WILLIAM COLLINS.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CAT, DROWNED IN A TUB OF GOLD FISHES

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dy'd
The azure flowers, that blow ;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima reclin'd,
Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd ;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She saw ; and purr'd applause.

Still had she gaz'd ; but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The Genii of the stream :
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
Thro' richest purple to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

Eighteenth-Century Poems

The hapless Nymph with wonder saw :
A whisker first and then a claw,
With many an ardent wish,
She stretch'd in vain to reach the prize.
What female heart can gold despise ?
What Cat's averse to fish ?

Presumptuous Maid ! with looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between.
(Malignant Fate sat by, and smil'd)
The slipp'ry verge her feet beguil'd,
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood
She mew'd to every wat'ry God,
Some speedy aid to send.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd :
Nor cruel *Tom*, nor *Susan* heard.
A Fav'rite has no friend !

From hence, ye Beauties undeceiv'd,
Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
And be with caution bold.
Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize ;
Not all, that glisters, gold.

THOMAS GRAY.

JESUS, Lord, in Pity hear us,
O Return,
While we mourn,
By thy Spirit chear us.

Swallow'd up in Sin and Sadness
O relieve,
Us that grieve
Turn our Grief to Gladness.

1741-1750

Send the Comforter to raise us
Let us see
God in Thee
Merciful and gracious.

Him the Purchase of thy Passion
O impart,
Cleanse our Heart
By his Inspiration.

By the Earnest of thy Spirit
Let us know
Heaven below,
Heaven above inherit.

Perfect when we walk before thee
Fill'd with Love,
Then remove
To our Thrones of Glory.

CHARLES WESLEY.

SONG

WHY we love, and why we hate,
Is not granted us to know ;
Random chance, or wilful fate,
Guides the shaft from *Cupid's* bow.

If on me *Zelinda* frown,
Madness 'tis in me to grieve :
Since her will is not her own,
Why should I uneasy live ?

If I for *Zelinda* dy,
Deaf to poor *Mizella's* cries,
Ask me not the reason why :
Seek the riddle in the skies.

AMBROSE PHILIPS.

Eighteenth-Century Poems

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE

ADVERTISEMENT

This poem being writ in the Manner of *Spenser*, the obsolete Words, and a Simplicity of Diction in some of the Lines, which borders on the Ludicrous, were necessary to make the Imitation more perfect. And the stile of that admirable Poet, as well as the Measure in which he wrote, are as it were appropriated by Custom to all Allegorical Poems writ in our Language ; just as in French the stile of *Marot* who lived under *Francis I.* has been used in Tales, and familiar Epistles, by the politest writers of the Age of *Louis XIV.*

CANTO I

*The Castle hight of Indolence,
And its false Luxury ;
Where for a little Time, alas !
We liv'd right jollily.*

I

O MORTAL Man, who livest here by Toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard Estate ;
That like an Emmet thou must ever moil,
Is a sad Sentence of an ancient Date :
And, certes, there is for it Reason great ;
For, though sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
And curse thy Star, and early drudge and late,
Withouten That would come an heavier Bale,
Loose Life, unruly Passions, and Diseases pale.

II

In lowly Dale, fast by a River's Side,
With woody Hill o'er Hill encompass'd round,
A most enchanting Wizard did abide,
Than whom a Fiend more fell is no where found.
It was, I ween, a lovely Spot of Ground ;
And there a Season atween June and May,
Half prankt with Spring, with Summer half imbrown'd,
A listless Climate made, where, Sooth to say,
No living Wight could work, ne cared even for Play.

III

Was nought around but Images of Rest :
 Sleep-soothing Groves, and quiet Lawns between ;
 And flowery Beds that slumbrous Influence kest,
 From Poppies breath'd ; and Beds of pleasant Green,
 Where never yet was creeping Creature seen.
 Meantime unnumber'd glittering Streamlets play'd,
 And hurled every-where their Waters sheen ;
 That, as they bicker'd through the sunny Glade,
 Though restless still themselves, a lulling Murmur made.

IV

Join'd to the Prattle of the purling Rills,
 Were heard the lowing Herds along the Vale,
 And Flocks loud-bleating from the distant Hills,
 And vacant Shepherds piping in the Dale ;
 And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
 Or Stock-Doves plain amid the Forest deep,
 That drowsy rustled to the sighing Gale ;
 And still a Coil the Grashopper did keep :
 Yet all these Sounds yblent inclined all to Sleep.

V

Full in the Passage of the Vale, above,
 A sable, silent, solemn Forest stood ;
 Where nought but shadowy Forms were seen to move,
 As *Idless* fancy'd in her dreaming Mood.
 And up the Hills, on either Side, a Wood
 Of blackening Pines, ay waving to and fro,
 Sent forth a sleepy Horror through the Blood ;
 And where this Valley winded out, below,
 The murmuring Main was heard, and scarcely heard, to
 flow.

VI

A pleasing Land of Drowsy-hed it was :
 Of Dreams that wave before the half-shut eye ;
 And of gay Castles in the Clouds that pass,
 For ever flushing round a Summer-Sky :

Eighteenth-Century Poems

There eke the soft Delights, that witchingly
Instil a wanton Sweetness through the Breast,
And the calm Pleasures always hover'd nigh ;
But whate'er smack'd of Noyance, or Unrest,
Was far far off expell'd from this delicious Nest.

VII

The Landskip such, inspiring perfect Ease,
Where *Indolence* (for so the Wizard hight)
Close-hid his Castle mid embowering Trees,
That half shut out the Beams of *Phæbus* bright,
And made a kind of checker'd Day and Night.
Mean while, unceasing at the massy Gate,
Beneath a spacious Palm, the wicked Wight
Was plac'd ; and to his Lute, of cruel Fate,
And Labour harsh, complain'd, lamenting Man's Estate.

VIII

Thither continual Pilgrims crouded still,
From all the Roads of Earth that pass there by :
For, as they chaunc'd to breathe on neighbouring
Hill,
The Freshness of this Valley smote their Eye,
And drew them ever and anon more nigh,
'Till clustering round th' Enchanter false they hung,
Ymolten with his Syren Melody ;
While o'er th' enfeebling Lute his Hand he flung,
And to the trembling Chords these tempting Verses sung:

IX

" Behold ! ye Pilgrims of this Earth, behold !
See all but Man with unearn'd Pleasure gay.
See her bright Robes the Butterfly unfold,
Broke from her wintry Tomb in Prime of May.
What youthful Bride can equal her Array ?
Who can with Her for easy Pleasure vie ?
From Mead to Mead with gentle Wing to stray,
From Flower to Flower on balmy Gales to fly,
Is all she has to do beneath the radiant Sky.

X

“ Behold the merry Minstrels of the Morn,
 The swarming Songsters of the careless Grove,
 Ten thousand Throats ! that, from the flowering
 Thorn,
 Hymn their Good *God*, and carol sweet of Love,
 Such grateful kindly Raptures them emove :
 They neither plough, nor sow ; ne, fit for Flail,
 E’er to the Barn the nodding Sheaves they drove ;
 Yet theirs each Harvest dancing in the Gale,
 Whatever crowns the Hill, or smiles along the Vale.

XI

“ Outcast of Nature, Man ! the wretched Thrall
 Of bitter-dropping Sweat, of sweltry Pain,
 Of Cares that eat away thy Heart with Gall,
 And of the Vices, an inhuman Train,
 That all proceed from savage Thirst of Gain :
 For when hard-hearted *Interest* first began
 To poison earth, *Astræa* left the Plain ;
 Guile, Violence, and Murder seiz’d on Man ;
 And, for soft milky Streams, with Blood the Rivers
 ran.

XII

“ Come, ye, who still the cumbrous Load of Life
 Push hard up Hill ; but as the farthest Steep
 You trust to gain, and put an End to Strife,
 Down thunders back the Stone with mighty Sweep,
 And hurls your Labours to the Valley deep,
 For-ever vain : come, and, withouten Fee,
 I in Oblivion will your Sorrows steep,
 Your Cares, your Toils, will steep you in a Sea
 Of full Delight : O come, ye weary Wights, to me !

XIII

“ With me, you need not rise at early Dawn,
 To pass the joyless Day in various Stounds :
 Or, louting low, on upstart Fortune fawn,
 And sell fair Honour for some paltry Pounds ;

Eighteenth-Century Poems

Or through the City take your dirty Rounds,
To cheat, and dun, and lye, and Visit pay,
Now flattering base, now giving secret Wounds ;
Or proul in Courts of Law for human Prey,
In venal Senate thief, or rob on broad High-way.

XIV

“ No Cocks, with me, to rustic Labour call,
From Village on to Village sounding clear ;
To tardy Swain no shrill-voic'd Matrons squall ;
No Dogs, no Babes, no Wives, to stun your Ear ;
No Hammers thump ; no horrid Blacksmith sear,
Ne noisy Tradesman your sweet Slumbers start,
With Sounds that are a Misery to hear :
But all is calm, as would delight the Heart
Of *Sybarite* of old, all Nature, and all Art.

XV

“ Here nought but Candour reigns, indulgent Ease,
Good-natur'd Lounging, Sauntering up and down :
They who are pleas'd themselves must always please ;
On Others' Ways they never squint a Frown,
Nor heed what haps in Hamlet or in Town.
Thus, from the Source of tender Indolence,
With milky Blood the Heart is overflown,
Is sooth'd and sweeten'd by the social Sense ;
For Interest, Envy, Pride, and Strife are banish'd
hence.

XVI

“ What, what, is Virtue, but Repose of Mind ?
A pure ethereal Calm ! that knows no Storm ;
Above the Reach of wild Ambition's Wind,
Above those Passions that this World deform,
And torture Man, a proud malignant Worm !
But here, instead, soft Gales of Passion play,
And gently stir the Heart, thereby to form
A quicker Sense of Joy ; as Breezes stray
Across th' enliven'd Skies, and make them still more
gay.

XVII

" The Best of Men have ever lov'd Repose :
 They hate to mingle in the filthy Fray ;
 Where the Soul sows, and gradual Rancour grows,
 Imbitter'd more from peevish Day to Day.
 Even Those whom Fame has lent her fairest Ray,
 The most renown'd of worthy Wights of Yore,
 From a base World at last have stolen away :
 So *Scipio*, to the soft, *Cumæan* Shore
 Retiring, tasted Joy he never knew before.

XVIII

" But if a little Exercise you chuse,
 Some Zest for Ease, 'tis not forbidden here.
 Amid the Groves you may indulge the Muse,
 Or tend the Blooms, and deck the vernal Year ;
 Or softly stealing, with your watry Gear,
 Along the Brooks, the crimson-spotted Fry
 You may delude : The whilst, amus'd, you hear
 Now the hoarse Stream, and now the Zephir's Sigh,
 Attuned to the Birds, and woodland Melody.

XIX

" O grievous Folly ! to heap up Estate,
 Losing the Days you see beneath the Sun ;
 When, sudden, comes blind unrelenting Fate,
 And gives th' untasted Portion you have won
 With ruthless Toil, and many a Wretch undone,
 To Those who mock you gone to *Pluto's* reign,
 There with sad Ghosts to pine, and Shadows dun :
 But sure it is of Vanities most vain,
 To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain."

XX

He ceas'd. But still their trembling Ears retain'd
 The deep Vibrations of his witching Song ;
 That, by a Kind of Magic Power, constrain'd
 To enter in, pell mell, the listening Throng.

Eighteenth-Century Poems

Heaps pour'd on Heaps, and yet they slip'd along,
In silent Ease : as when beneath the Beam
Of Summer-Moons, the distant Woods among,
Or by some Flood all silver'd with the Gleam,
The soft-embodied Fays through airy Portal stream.

XXI

By the smooth Demon so it order'd was,
And here his baneful Bounty first began :
Though some there were who would not further pass,
And his alluring Baits suspected han.
The Wise distrust the too fair-spoken Man.
Yet through the Gate they cast a wishful Eye :
Not to move on, perdie, is all they can ;
For do their very Best they cannot fly,
But often each Way look, and often sorely sigh.

XXII

When this the watchful wicked Wizard saw,
With sudden Spring he leap'd upon them strait ;
And soon as touch'd by his unhallow'd Paw,
They found themselves within the cursed Gate ;
Full hard to be repass'd, like That of Fate.
Not stronger were of old the Giant-Crew,
Who sought to pull high *Jove* from regal State ;
Though feeble Wretch he seem'd, of sallow Hue :
Certes, who bides his Grasp, will that Encounter rue.

XXIII

For whomso'er the Villain takes in Hand,
Their Joints unknit, their Sinews melt apace ;
As lithe they grow as any Willow-Wand,
And of their vanish'd Force remains no Trace :
So when a Maiden fair, of modest Grace,
In all her buxom blooming May of Charms,
Is seized in some Losel's hot Embrace,
She waxeth very weakly as she warms,
Then sighing yields Her up to Love's delicious Harms.

XXIV

Wak'd by the Croud, slow from his Bench arose
 A comely full-spreed Porter, swoln with Sleep :
 His calm, broad, thoughtless Aspect breath'd Repose ;
 And in sweet Torpor he was plunged deep,
 Ne could himself from ceaseless Yawning keep ;
 While o'er his Eyes the drowsy Liquor ran,
 Through which his half-wak'd Soul would faintly peep.
 Then taking his black Staff he call'd his Man,
 And rous'd himself as much as rouse himself he can.

XXV

The Lad leap'd lightly at his Master's Call.
 He was, to weet, a little roguish Page,
 Save Sleep and Play who minded nought at all,
 Like most the untaught Striplings of his Age.
 This Boy he kept each Band to disengage,
 Garters and Buckles, Task for him unfit,
 But ill-becoming his grave Personage,
 And which his portly Paunch would not permit,
 So this same limber Page to All performed It.

XXVI

Mean time the Master-Porter wide display'd
 Great Store of Caps, of Slippers, and of Gowns ;
 Wherewith he Those who enter'd in, array'd ;
 Loose, as the Breeze that plays along the Downs,
 And waves the Summer-Woods when Evening frowns.
 O fair Undress, best Dress ! it checks no Vein,
 But every flowing Limb in Pleasure drowns,
 And heightens Ease with Grace. This done, right
 fain,
 Sir Porter sat him down, and turn'd to Sleep again.

XXVII

Thus easy-rob'd, they to the Fountain sped,
 That in the Middle of the Court up-threw
 A Stream, high-spouting from its liquid Bed,
 And falling back again in drizzly Dew :

Eighteenth-Century Poems

There Each deep Draughts, as deep he thirsted, drew,
It was a Fountain of *Nepenthe* rare :
Whence, as Dan *Homer* sings, huge Pleasaunce grew,
And sweet Oblivion of vile earthly Care ;
Fair gladsome waking Thoughts, and joyous Dreams
more fair.

XXVIII

This Rite perform'd, All inly pleas'd and still,
Withouten Tromp, was Proclamation made.
" Ye Sons of *Indolence*, do what you will ;
And wander where you list, through Hall or Glade :
Be no Man's Pleasure for another's staid ;
Let Each as likes him best his Hours employ,
And curs'd be he who minds his Neighbour's Trade !
Here dwells kind Ease and unreprieving Joy :
He little merits Bliss who Others can annoy."

XXIX

Strait of these endless Numbers, swarming round,
As thick as idle Motes in sunny Ray,
Not one eftsoons in View was to be found,
But every Man stroll'd off his own glad Way.
Wide o'er this ample Court's blank Area,
With all the Lodges that thereto pertain'd,
No living Creature could be seen to stray ;
While Solitude, and perfect Silence reign'd :
So that to think you dreamt you almost was constrain'd.

XXX

As when a Shepherd of the *Hebrid-Isles*,¹
Plac'd far amid the melancholy Main,
(Whether it be lone Fancy him beguiles ;
Or that ærial Beings sometimes deign
To stand, embodied, to our Senses plain)

¹ Those Islands on the western Coast of Scotland called the *Hebrides*.

Sees on the naked Hill, or Valley low,
 The whilst in Ocean *Phœbus* dips his Wain,
 A vast Assembly moving to and fro :
 Then all at once in Air dissolves the wondrous Show.

XXXI

Ye Gods of Quiet, and of Sleep profound !
 Whose soft Dominion o'er this Castle sways,
 And all the widely-silent Places round,
 Forgive me, if my trembling Pen displays
 What never yet was sung in mortal Lays.
 But how shall I attempt such arduous String ?
 I who have spent my Nights, and nightly Days,
 In this Soul-deadening Place, loose-loitering ?
 Ah ! how shall I for this uprear my moulted Wing ?

XXXII

Come on, my Muse, nor stoop to low Despair,
 Thou Imp of *Jove*, touch'd by celestial Fire !
 Thou yet shalt sing of War, and Actions fair,
 Which the bold Sons of *Britain* will inspire ;
 Of ancient Bards thou yet shalt sweep the Lyre ;
 Thou yet shalt tread in Tragic Pall the Stage,
 Paint Love's enchanting Woes, the Heroe's Ire,
 The Sage's Calm, the Patriot's noble Rage,
 Dashing Corruption down through every worthless Age.

XXXIII

The Doors, that knew no shrill alarming Bell,
 Ne cursed Knocker ply'd by Villain's Hand,
 Self open'd into Halls, where, who can tell
 What Elegance and Grandeur wide expand
 The Pride of *Turkey* and of *Persia* Land ?
 Soft Quilts on Quilts, on Carpets Carpets spread,
 And Couches stretch around in seemly Band ;
 And endless Pillows rise to prop the Head ;
 So that each spacious Room was one full-swelling Bed ;

Eighteenth-Century Poems

XXXIV

And every where huge cover'd Tables stood,
With Wines high-flavour'd and rich Viands crown'd ;
Whatever sprightly Juice or tasteful Food
On the green Bosom of this Earth are found,
And all old Ocean genders in his Round :
Some Hand unseen These silently display'd,
Even undemanded, by a Sign or Sound ;
You need but wish, and, instantly obey'd,
Fair-rang'd the Dishes rose, and thick the Glasses play'd.

XXXV

Here Freedom reign'd, without the least Alloy ;
Nor Gossip's Tale, nor ancient Maiden's Gall,
Nor saintly Spleen durst murmur at our Joy,
And with envenom'd Tongue our Pleasures pall.
For why ? There was but One great Rule for All ;
To wit, That each should work his own Desire,
And eat, drink, study, sleep, as it may fall,
Or melt the Time in Love, or wake the Lyre,
And carol what, unbid, the Muses might inspire.

XXXVI

The Rooms with costly Tapestry were hung,
Where was inwoven many a gentle Tale ;
Such as of old the rural Poets sung,
Or of *Arcadian* or *Sicilian* Vale :
Reclining Lovers, in the lonely Dale,
Pour'd forth at large the sweetly-tortur'd Heart ;
Or, looking tender Passion, swell'd the Gale,
And taught charm'd Echo to resound their Smart ;
While Flocks, Woods, Streams, around, Repose and
Peace impart.

XXXVII

Those pleas'd the most, where, by a cunning Hand,
Depeinten was the Patriarchal Age ;
What time Dan *Abraham* left the *Chaldee* Land,
And pastur'd on from verdant Stage to Stage,

Where Fields and Fountains fresh could best engage
 Toil was not then. Of nothing took they Heed,
 But with wild Beasts the silvan War to wage,
 And o'er vast Plains their Herds and Flocks to feed :
 Blest Sons of Nature they ! True Golden Age indeed !

XXXVIII

Sometimes the Pencil, in cool airy Halls,
 Bade the gay Bloom of Vernal Landskips rise,
 Or Autumn's varied Shades imbrown the Walls :
 Now the black Tempest strikes the astonish'd Eyes ;
 Now down the Steep the flashing Torrent flies ;
 The trembling Sun now plays o'er Ocean blue,
 And now rude Mountains frown amid the Skies ;
 Whate'er *Lorrain* light-touch'd with softening Hue,
 Or savage *Rosa* dash'd, or learned *Poussin* drew.

XXXIX

Each Sound too here to Languishment inclin'd,
 Lull'd the weak Bosom, and induced Ease.
 Aërial Music in the warbling Wind,
 At Distance rising oft, by small Degrees,
 Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the Trees
 It hung, and breath'd such Soul-dissolving Airs,
 As did, alas ! with soft Perdition please :
 Entangled deep in its enchanting Snares,
 The listening Heart forgot all Duties and all Cares.

XL

A certain Musick, never known before,
 Here lull'd the pensive melancholy Mind ;
 Full easily obtain'd. Behoves no more,
 But sidelong, to the gently-waving Wind,
 To lay the well-tun'd Instrument reclin'd ;
 From which, with airy flying Fingers light,
 Beyond each mortal Touch the most refin'd,
 The God of Winds drew sounds of deep Delight :
 Whence, with just Cause, *The Harp of Æolus* ¹ it hight.

¹ This is not an Imagination of the Author ; there being in fact such an Instrument, called *Æolus's Harp*, which, when placed against a little Rushing or Current of Air, produces the Effect here described.

Eighteenth-Century Poems

XLI

Ah me ! what Hand can touch the Strings so fine ?
Who up the lofty Diapason roll
Such sweet, such sad, such solemn Airs divine,
Then let them down again into the Soul ?
Now rising Love they fan'd ; now pleasing Dole
They breath'd, in tender Musings, through the Heart ;
And now a graver sacred Strain they stole,
As when Seraphic Hands an Hymn impart :
Wild warbling Nature all, above the Reach of Art !

XLII

Such the gay Splendor, the luxurious State,
Of *Caliphs* old, who on the *Tygris'* Shore,
In mighty *Bagdat*, populous and great,
Held their bright Court, where was of Ladies store ;
And Verse, Love, Music still the Garland wore :
When Sleep was coy,¹ the Bard, in Waiting there,
Cheer'd the lone Midnight with the Muse's Lore ;
Composing Music bade his Dreams be fair,
And Music lent new Gladness to the Morning Air.

XLIII

Near the Pavilions where we slept, still ran
Soft-tinkling Streams, and dashing Waters fell,
And sobbing Breezes sigh'd, and oft began
(So work'd the Wizard) wintry Storms to swell,
As Heaven and Earth they would together mell :
At Doors and Windows, threatening, seem'd to call
The Demons of the Tempest, growling fell,
Yet the least Entrance found they none at all ;
Whence sweeter grew our Sleep, secure in massy Hall.

XLIV

And hither *Morpheus* sent his kindest Dreams,
Raising a World of gayer Tinct and Grace ;
O'er which were shadowy cast Elysian Gleams,
That play'd, in waving Lights, from Place to Place,

¹ The *Arabian Caliphs* had Poets among the Officers of their Court, whose Office it was to do what is here mentioned.

And shed a roseate Smile on Nature's Face.
 Not *Titian's* Pencil e'er could so array,
 So fleece with Clouds the pure Etherial Space ;
 Ne could it e'er such melting Forms display,
 As loose on flowery Beds all languishingly lay.

XLV

No, fair Illusions ! artful Phantoms, no !
 My Muse will not attempt your Fairy-Land :
 She has no Colours that like you can glow ;
 To catch your vivid Scenes too gross her Hand.
 But sure it is, was ne'er a subtler Band
 Than these same guileful Angel-seeming Sprights,
 Who thus in Dreams, voluptuous, soft, and bland,
 Pour'd all th' *Arabian Heav'n* upon our Nights,
 And bless'd them oft besides with more refin'd Delights.

XLVI

They were in Sooth a most enchanting Train,
 Even feigning Virtue ; skilful to unite
 With Evil Good, and strew with Pleasure Pain.
 But for those Fiends, whom Blood and Broils delight ;
 Who hurl the Wretch, as if to Hell outright,
 Down down black Gulphs, where sullen Waters sleep,
 Or hold him clambering all the fearful Night
 On beetling Cliffs, or pent in Ruins deep :
 They, till due Time should serve, were bid far hence to
 keep.

XLVII

Ye Guardian Spirits, to whom Man is dear,
 From these foul Demons shield the Midnight Gloom !
 Angels of Fancy and of Love, be near,
 And o'er the Blank of Sleep diffuse a Bloom !
 Evoke the sacred Shades of *Greece* and *Rome*,
 And let them Virtue with a Look impart !
 But chief, a while O lend us from the Tomb
 Those long-lost Friends for whom in Love we smart,
 And fill with pious Awe and Joy-mixt Woe the Heart.

Eighteenth-Century Poems

XLVIII

Or are you sportive—Bid the Morn of Youth
Rise to new Light, and beam afresh the Days
Of Innocence, Simplicity, and Truth ;
To Cares estrang'd, and Manhood's thorny Ways.
What Transport ! To retrace our boyish Plays,
Our easy Bliss, when each Thing Joy supply'd ;
The Woods, the Mountains, and the warbling Maze
Of the wild Brooks—But, fondly wandering wide,
My Muse, resume the Task that yet doth thee abide.

XLIX

One great Amusement of our Houshold was,
In a huge crystal magic Globe to spy,
Still as you turn'd it, all Things that do pass
Upon this Ant-Hill Earth ; where constantly
Of idly-busy Men the restless Fry
Run bustling too and fro with foolish Haste,
In search of Pleasures vain that from them fly,
Or which obtain'd the Caitiffs dare not taste :
When nothing is enjoy'd, can there be greater Waste ?

L

Of Vanity the Mirror This was call'd.
Here you a Muckworm of the Town might see,
At his dull Desk, amid his Legers stall'd,
Eat up with carking Care and Penurie ;
Most like to Carcase parch'd on Gallow-Tree.
A Penny saved is a Penny got :
Firm to this scoundrel Maxim keepeth he,
Ne of its Rigour will he bate a Jot,
Till it has quench'd his Fire, and banished his Pot.

LI

Straight from the Filth of this low Grub, behold !
Comes fluttering forth a gaudy spendthrift Heir,
All glossy gay, enamel'd all with Gold,
The silly Tenant of the Summer-Air.

In Folly lost, of Nothing takes he Care ;
 Pimps, Lawyers, Stewards, Harlots, Flatterers vile,
 And thieving Tradesmen him among them share :
 His Father's Ghost from Limbo-Lake, the while,
 Sees This, which more Damnation does upon him pile.

LII

This Globe pourtray'd the Race of learned Men,
 Still at their Books, and turning o'er the Page,
 Backwards and forwards : oft they snatch the Pen,
 As if inspir'd, and in a *Thespian* Rage ;
 Then write, and blot, as would your Ruth engage.
 Why, Authors, all this Scrawl and Scribbling sore ?
 To lose the present, gain the future Age,
 Praised to be when you can hear no more,
 And much enrich'd with Fame, when useless worldly
 Store.

LIII

Then would a splendid City rise to View,
 With Carts, and Cars, and Coaches roaring all :
 Wide-pour'd abroad behold the prowling Crew ;
 See ! how they dash along from Wall to Wall ;
 At every Door, hark ! how they thundering call.
 Good Lord ! what can this giddy Rout excite ?
 Why ? On each other with fell Tooth to fall ;
 A Neighbour's Fortune, Fame, or Peace, to blight,
 And make new tiresome Parties for the coming Night.

LIV

The puzzling Sons of Party next appear'd,
 In dark Cabals and nightly Juntos met ;
 And now they whisper'd close, now shrugging rear'd
 Th' important Shoulder ; then, as if to get
 New Light, their twinkling Eyes were inward set,
 No sooner *Lucifer*¹ recalls Affairs,
 Than forth they various rush in mighty Fret ;
 When lo ! push'd up to Power, and crown'd their Cares,
 In comes another Set, and kicketh them down Stairs.

¹ The Morning Star.

Eighteenth-Century Poems

LV

But what most shew'd the Vanity of Life,
Was to behold the Nations all on Fire,
In cruel Broils engag'd, and deadly Strife ;
Most Christian Kings, inflam'd by black Desire,
With Honourable Ruffians in their Hire,
Cause War to rage, and Blood around to pour :
Of this sad Work when Each begins to tire,
They sit them down just where they were before,
Till for new Scenes of Woe Peace shall their Force restore.

LVI

To number up the Thousands dwelling here,
A useless were, and eke an endless Task :
From Kings, and Those who at the Helm appear,
To Gipsies brown in Summer-Glades who bask.
Yea many a Man perdie I could unmask,
Whose Desk and Table make a solemn Show,
With Tape-ty'd Trash, and Suits of Fools that ask
For Place or Pension, laid in decent Row ;
But These I passen by, with nameless Numbers moe.

LVII

Of all the gentle Tenants of the Place,
There was a Man of special grave Remark :
A certain tender Gloom o'erspread his Face,
Pensive not sad, in Thought involv'd not dark,
As soot this Man could sing as Morning-Lark,
And teach the noblest Morals of the Heart :
But These his Talents were ybury'd stark ;
Of the fine Stores he Nothing would impart,
Which or boon Nature gave, or Nature-painting Art.

LVIII

To Noontide Shades incontinent he ran,
Where purls the Brook with Sleep-inviting Sound ;
Or when Dan *Sol* to slope his Wheels began,
Amid the Broom he bask'd him on the Ground,

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Where the wild Thyme and Camomil are found :
There would he linger, till the latest Ray
Of Light sat trembling on the Welkin's Bound :
Then homeward through the twilight Shadows stray,
Saunt'ring and slow. So had he pass'd many a Day.

LIX

Yet not in thoughtless Slumber were they past :
For oft the heavenly Fire, that lay conceal'd
Beneath the sleeping Embers, mounted fast,
And all its native Light anew reveal'd ;
Oft as he travers'd the Cerulean Field,
And mark'd the Clouds that drove before the Wind,
Ten thousand glorious Systems would he build,
Ten thousand great Ideas fill'd his Mind ;
But with the Clouds they fled, and left no Tract behind.

LX

With him was sometimes join'd, in silent Walk,
(Profoundly silent, for they never spoke)
One shyder still, who quite detested Talk :
Oft, stung by Spleen, at once away he broke,
To Groves of Pine, and broad o'ershadowing Oak ;
There, inly thrill'd, he wander'd all alone,
And on himself his pensive Fury wroke,
Ne ever utter'd Word, save when first shone
The glittering Star of Eve—" Thank Heaven ! the Day
is done."

LXI

Here lurk'd a Wretch, who had not crept abroad
For forty Years, ne Face of Mortal seen ;
In Chamber brooding like a loathly Toad,
And sure his Linnen was not very clean ;
Through secret Loop-Hole, that had practis'd been
Near to his Bed, his Dinner vile he took ;
Unkempt, and rough, of squalid Face and Mien,
Our Castle's shame ! whence, from his filthy Nook,
We drove the Villain out for fitter Lair to look.

Eighteenth-Century Poems

LXII

One Day there chaunc'd into these Halls to rove
A joyous Youth, who took you at first Sight ;
Him the wild Wave of Pleasure hither drove,
Before the sprightly Tempest tossing light :
Certes, he was a most engaging Wight,
Of social Glee, and Wit humane though keen,
Turning the Night to Day and Day to Night ;
For him the merry Bells had rung, I ween,
If in this Nook of Quiet Bells had ever been.

LXIII

But not even Pleasure to Excess is good,
What most elates then sinks the Soul as low ;
When Spring-Tide Joy pours in with copious Flood,
The higher still th' exulting Billows flow,
The farther back again they flagging go,
And leave us groveling on the dreary Shore :
Taught by this Son of Joy, we found it so ;
Who, whilst he staid, kept in a gay Uproar
Our madden'd Castle all, th' Abode of Sleep no more.

LXIV

As when in Prime of June a burnish'd Fly,
Sprung from the Meads, o'er which he sweeps along.
Chear'd by the breathing Bloom and vital Sky,
Tunes up amid these airy Halls his Song,
Soothing at first the gay reposing Throng :
And oft he sips their Bowl ; or nearly drown'd,
He, thence recovering, drives their Beds among,
And scares their tender Sleep, with Trump profound ;
Then out again he flies, to wing his mazy Round.

LXV

Another Guest there was, of Sense refin'd,
Who felt each Worth, for every Worth he had ;
Serene yet warm, humane yet firm his Mind,
As little touch'd as any Man's with Bad :

Him through their inmost Walks the Muses lad,
 To him the sacred Love of Nature lent,
 And sometimes would he make our Valley glad ;
 Whenas we found he would not here be pent,
 To him the better Sort this friendly Message sent.

LXVI

“ Come, dwell with us ! true Son of Virtue, come !
 But if, alas ! we cannot Thee persuade,
 To lie content beneath our peaceful Dome,
 Ne ever more to quit our quiet Glade ;
 Yet when at last thy Toils, but ill apaid,
 Shall dead thy Fire, and damp its Heavenly Spark,
 Thou wilt be glad to seek the rural Shade,
 There to indulge the Muse, and Nature mark :
 We then a Lodge for Thee will rear in *Hagley-Park*.”

LXVII

Here whilom ligg'd th' *Esopus* of the Age ;
 But call'd by Fame, in Soul ypricked deep,
 A noble Pride restor'd him to the Stage,
 And rous'd him like a Gyant from his Sleep.
 Even from his Slumbers we Advantage reap :
 With double Force th' enliven'd Scene he wakes,
 Yet quits not Nature's Bounds. He knows to keep
 Each due Decorum : Now the Heart he shakes,
 And now with well-urg'd Sense th' enlighten'd Judgment
 takes.

LXVIII

A Bard here dwelt, more fat than Bard beseems ;
¹ Who void of Envy, Guile, and Lust of Gain,
 On Virtue still, and Nature's pleasing Themes,
 Pour'd forth his unpremeditated Strain,

¹ The following Lines of this Stanza were writ by a Friend of the Author.

Eighteenth-Century Poems

The World forsaking with a calm Disdain :
Here laugh'd he careless in his easy Seat,
Here quaff'd encircled with the joyous Train ;
Oft moralizing sage ; his ditty sweet
He loathed much to write, ne cared to repeat.

LXIX

Full oft by Holy Feet our Ground was trod,
Of Clerks good Plenty here you mote espy.
A little, round, fat, oily Man of God,
Was one I chiefly mark'd among the Fry :
He had a roguish Twinkle in his Eye,
And shone all glittering with ungodly Dew,
If a tight Damsel chaunced to trippen by ;
Which when observ'd, he shrunk into his Mew,
And strait would recollect his Piety anew.

LXX

Nor be forgot a Tribe, who minded Nought
(Old Inmates of the Place) but State-Affairs :
They look'd, perdie, as if they deeply thought ;
And on their Brow sat every Nation's Cares.
The World by them is parcel'd out in Shares,
When in the *Hall of Smoak* they Congress hold,
And the sage Berry sun-burnt *Mocha* bears,
Has clear'd their inward Eye : then, smoak-enroll'd,
Their Oracles break forth mysterious as of old.

LXXI

Here languid Beauty kept her pale-fac'd Court :
Bevies of dainty Dames, of high Degree,
From every Quarter hither made Resort ;
Where, from gross mortal Care and Business free,
They lay, pour'd out in Ease and Luxury.
Or should they a vain Shew of Work assume,
Alas ! and well-a-day ! what can it be ?
To knot, to twist, to range the vernal Bloom ;
But far is cast the Distaff, Spinning-Wheel, and Loom.

LXXII

Their only Labour was to kill the Time ;
 And Labour dire it is, and weary Woe.
 They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle Rhyme ;
 Then, rising sudden, to the Glass they go,
 Or saunter forth, with tottering Step and slow :
 This soon too rude an Exercise they find ;
 Strait on the Couch their Limbs again they throw,
 Where Hours on Hours they sighing lie reclin'd,
 And court the vapoury God soft-breathing in the Wind.

LXXIII

Now must I mark the Villainy we found,
 But ah ! too late, as shall eftsoons be shewn.
 A Place here was, deep, dreary, under Ground ;
 Where still our Inmates, when displeasing grown,
 Diseas'd, and loathsome, privily were thrown :
 Far from the Light of Heaven, they languish'd there,
 Unpity'd uttering many a bitter Groan ;
 For of these Wretches taken was no Care :
 Fierce Fiends, and Hags of Hell, their only Nurses were.

LXXIV

[Alas ! the Change ! from scenes of Joy and Rest,
 To this dark Den, where Sickness toss'd away.
 Here *Lethargy*, with deadly Sleep opprest,
 Stretch'd on his Back a mighty Lubbard lay,
 Heaving his Sides, and snored Night and Day ;
 To stir him from his Traunce it was not eath,
 And his half-open'd Eyne he shut strait way ;
 He led, I wot, the softest Way to Death,
 And taught withouten Pain and Strife to yield the
 Breath.]

Eighteenth-Century Poems

LXXV

[Of Limbs enormous, but withal unsound,
Soft-swoln and pale, here lay the *Hydropsy* :
Unwieldy Man ! with Belly monstrous round,
For ever fed with watery Supply ;
For still he drank, and yet he still was dry.
And here a moping Mystery did sit,
Mother of Spleen, in Robes of various Dye,
Who vexed was full oft with ugly Fit ;
And some Her frantic deem'd, and some Her deem'd a
Wit.]

LXXVI

[A Lady proud she was, of ancient Blood,
Yet oft her Fear her Pride made crouchen low :
She felt, or fancy'd in her fluttering Mood,
All the Diseases which the Spittles know,
And sought all Physick which the Shops bestow,
And still new Leaches and new Drugs would try,
Her Humour ever wavering to and fro ;
For sometimes she would laugh, and sometimes cry,
Then sudden waxed wroth, and all she knew not why.]

LXXVII

[Fast by her Side a listless Maiden pin'd,
With aching Head, and squeamish Heart-Burnings ;
Pale, bloated, cold, she seem'd to hate Mankind,
Yet lov'd in Secret all forbidden Things.
And here the *Tertian* shakes his chilling Wings ;
The sleepless *Gout* here counts the crowing Cocks,
A Wolf now gnaws him, now a Serpent stings ;
Whilst *Apoplexy* cramm'd Intemperance knocks
Down to the Ground at once, as Butcher felleth Ox.]

JAMES THOMSON.

1741-1750

THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS

A POEM IN IMITATION OF SPENSER

*Auditæ voces, vagitus et ingens,
Infantumque animæ fientes in Limine primo.*
VIRG.

ADVERTISEMENT

What particulars in Spenser were imagin'd most proper for the author's imitation on *this occasion*, are, his *language*, his *simplicity*, his manner of *description*, and a peculiar *tenderness of sentiment*, remarkable throughout his works.

I

AH me ! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
To think how modest worth neglected lies !
While partial Fame doth with her blasts adorn
Such deeds alone, as pride and pomp disguise ;
Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprise !
Lend me thy clarion, goddess ! let me try
To sound the praise of merit, ere it dies ;
Such as I oft have chaunced to espy,
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

II

In ev'ry village mark'd with little spire,
Embow'r'd in trees, and hardly known to Fame,
There dwells, in lowly shed, and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we School-mistress name ;
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame :
They grieven sore, in piteous durance pent,
Aw'd by the pow'r of this relentless dame ;
And oft-times, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task unconn'd, are sorely shent.

III

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,
Which Learning near Her little dome did stowe,
Whilom a twig of small regard to see,
Tho' now so wide its waving branches flow ;

Eighteenth-Century Poems

And work the simple vassals mickle woe :
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
But their limbs shudder'd, and their pulse beat low ;
And, as they look'd, they found their horror grew,
And shap'd it into rods, and tingled at the view.

IV

So have I seen (who has not, may conceive,)
A lifeless phantom near a garden plac'd :
So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,
Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast ;
They start, they stare, they wheel, they look aghast :
Sad servitude ! such comfortless annoy
May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste !
Ne Superstition clog his dance of joy,
Ne vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy.

V

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
On which the tribe their gambols do display :
And at the door impris'ning board is seen,
Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray ;
Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day !
The noises intermix'd, which thence resound,
Do Learning's little tenement betray :
Where sits the dame, disguis'd in look profound,
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

VI

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield :
Her apron dy'd in grain, as blue, I trowe,
As in the Hare-bell that adorns the field :
And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
Tway birchen sprays ; with anxious Fear entwin'd,
With dark Distrust, and sad Repentance fill'd ;
And stedfast Hate, and sharp Affliction join'd,
And Fury uncontroul'd, and Chastisement unkind.

VII

Few but have ken'd, in semblance meet pourtray'd,
 The childish faces, of old Eol's train ;
Libs, Notus, Auster : These in frowns array'd,
 How then would fare or earth, or sky, or main,
 Were the stern god to give his slaves the rein ?
 And were not she rebellious breasts to quell,
 And were not she her statutes to maintain,
 The cott no more, I ween, were deem'd the cell,
 Where comely peace of mind, and decent order dwell.

VIII

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown ;
 A russet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air ;
 'Twas simple russet, but it was her own ;
 'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair ;
 'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare ;
 And, sooth to say, her pupils, rang'd around,
 Through pious awe, did term it passing rare ;
 For they in gaping wonderment abound,
 And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on
 ground.

IX

Albeit ne flatt'ry did corrupt her truth,
 Ne pompous title did debauch her ear ;
 Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
 Or dame, the sole Additions she did hear ;
 Yet these she challeng'd, these she held right dear :
 Ne would esteem him act as mought behove,
 Who should not honour'd eld with these revere :
 For never title yet so mean could prove,
 But there was eke a Mind which did that title love.

X

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
 The plodding pattern of the busy dame ;
 Which, ever and anon, impell'd by need,
 Into her School, begirt with chickens, came ;

Eighteenth-Century Poems

Such favour did her past deportment claim :
And, if Neglect had lavish'd on the ground
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same ;
For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

XI

Herbs too, she knew, and well of each could speak
That in her garden sip'd the silv'ry dew ;
Where no vain flow'r disclos'd a gaudy streak ;
But herbs for use, and physick, not a few,
Of grey renown, within those borders grew :
The tufted Basil, pun-provoking Tyme,
Fresh Baum, and Marygold of chearful hue ;
The lowly Gill, that never dares to climb ;
And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

XII

Yet Euphrasy may not be left unsung,
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around ;
And pungent Radish, biting infant's tongue ;
And Plantain ribb'd, that heals the reaper's wound ;
And Marj'ram sweet, in shepherd's posie found ;
And Lavender, whose pikes of azure bloom
Shall be, ere-while, in arid bundles bound,
To lurk amidst the labours of her loom,
And crown her kerchiefs clean, with mickle rare perfume.

XIII

And here trim Rosmarine, that whilom crown'd
The daintiest garden of the proudest peer ;
Ere, driven from its envy'd site, it found
A sacred shelter for its branches here ;
Where edg'd with gold its glitt'ring skirts appear.
O wassel days ! O customs meet and well !
Ere this was banish'd from its lofty sphere :
Simplicity then sought this humble cell,
Nor ever would She more with thane or lordling dwell.

XIV

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,
 Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete,
 If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave ;
 But in her garden found a summer seat :
 Sweet melody ! to hear her then repeat
 How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
 While taunting foe-men did a song intreat,
 All, for the Nonce, untuning ev'ry string,
 Uphung their useless lyres—small heart had they to sing.

XV

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
 And pass'd much time in truly virtuous deed ;
 And, in those Elfin's ears, would oft deplore,
 The times, when Truth by Popish rage did bleed ;
 And tortious death was true devotion's meed ;
 And simple faith in iron chains did mourn,
 That nould on wooden image place her creed ;
 And lawny saints in smould'ring flames did burn :
 Ah ! dearest Lord, forbend, thilk days should e'er return !

XVI

In elbow-chair, like that of Scottish stem
 By the sharp tooth of cank'ring eld defac'd,
 In which, when he receives his diadem,
 Our sovereign prince and liefest liege is plac'd,
 The matron sate ; and some with rank she grac'd,
 (The source of children's and of courtier's pride !)
 Redress'd affronts, for vile affronts there pass'd ;
 And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,
 But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

XVII

Right well she knew each temper to descry ;
 To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise ;
 Some with vile copper prize exalt on high,
 And some entice with pittance small of praise ;

Eighteenth-Century Poems

And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays :
Ev'n absent, she the reins of pow'r doth hold,
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways ;
Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,
'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

XVIII

Lo now with state she utters the command !
Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair :
Their books of stature small they take in hand,
Which with pellucid horn secured are,
To save from finger wet the letters fair ;
The work so gay, that on their backs is seen,
St. George's high atchievements does declare,
On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been,
Kens the forthcoming rod, unpleasing sight, I ween !

XIX

Ah luckless he, and born beneath the beam
Of evil star ! it irks me whilst I write !
As erst the bard ¹ by Mulla's silver stream,
Oft, as he told of deadly dolorous plight,
Sigh'd as he sung, and did in tears indite.
For brandishing the rod, she doth begin
To loose the brogues, the stripling's late delight !
And down they drop ; appears his dainty skin,
Fair as the furry coat of whitest Ermilin.

XX

O ruthful scene ! when from a nook obscure,
His little sister doth his peril see :
All playful as she sate, she grows demure ;
She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee ;
She meditates a pray'r to set him free :
Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny,
(If gentle pardon could with dames agree)
To her sad grief that swells in either eye,
And wrings her so that all for pity she could dye.

¹ Spenser.

XXI

No longer can she now her shrieks command ;
 And hardly she forbears, thro' awful fear,
 To rushen forth, and, with presumptuous hand,
 To stay harsh justice in its mid career.
 On thee she calls, on thee, her parent dear !
 (Ah ! too remote to ward the shameful blow !)
 She sees no kind domestic visage near,
 And soon a flood of tears begins to flow ;
 And gives a loose at last to unavailing woe.

XXII

But ah ! what pen his piteous plight may trace ?
 Or what device his loud laments explain ?
 The form uncouth of his disguised face ?
 The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain ?
 The plenteous show'r that does his cheek distain ?
 When he, in abject wise, implores the dame,
 Ne hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain ;
 Or when from high she levels well her aim,
 And, thro' the thatch, his cries each falling stroke
 proclaim.

XXIII

The other tribe, aghast, with sore dismay,
 Attend, and conn their tasks with mickle care ;
 By turns, astony'd, every twig survey,
 And from their fellow's hateful wounds, beware ;
 Knowing, I wist, how each the same may share :
 Till Fear has taught them a performance meet,
 And to the well-known chest the dame repair ;
 Whence oft with sugar'd cates she doth 'em greet,
 And ginger-bread y-rare ; now, certes, doubly sweet !

XXIV

See to their seats they hye with merry glee,
 And in beseemly order sitten there ;
 All but the wight of bum y-galled, he
 Abhorreth bench, and stool, and fourm, and chair ;

Eighteenth-Century Poems

(This hand in mouth y-fix'd, that rends his hair ;)
And eke with snubs profound, and heaving breast,
Convulsions intermitting ! does declare
His grievous wrong ; his dame's unjust behest ;
And scorns her offer'd love, and shuns to be caress'd.

XXV

His face besprent with liquid crystal shines,
His blooming face that seems a purple flow'r,
Which low to earth its drooping head declines,
All smear'd and sully'd by a vernal show'r.
O the hard bosoms of despotic pow'r !
All, all, but she, the author of his shame,
All, all, but she, regret this mournful hour :
Yet hence the youth, and hence the flow'r, shall claim,
If so I deem aright, transcending worth and fame.

XXVI

Behind some door, in melancholy thought,
Mindless of food, he, dreary caitiff ! pines ;
Ne for his fellow's joyaunce careth aught,
But to the wind all merriment resigns ;
And deems it shame, if he to peace inclines :
And many a sullen look asance is sent,
Which for his dame's annoyance he designs ;
And still the more to pleasure him she's bent,
The more doth he, perverse, her 'haviour past resent.

XXVII

Ah me ! how much I fear lest pride it be !
But if that pride it be, which thus inspires,
Beware, ye dames ! with nice discernment see,
Ye quench not too the sparks of nobler fires :
Ah ! better far than all the muses' lyres,
All coward arts, is valour's gen'rous heat ;
The firm fixt breast which Fit and Right requires,
Like Vernon's patriot soul ; more justly great
Than craft that pimps for ill, or flow'ry false deceit.

XXVIII

Yet nurs'd with skill what dazling fruits appear !
 Ev'n now sagacious Foresight points to show
 A little bench of heedless bishops here,
 And there a chancellour in embryo,
 Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so,
 As Milton, Shakspeare, names that ne'er shall dye !
 Though now he crawl along the ground so low,
 Nor weeting how the muse should soar on high,
 Wisheth, poor starvling elf ! his paper-kite may fly.

XXIX

And this perhaps, who, cens'ring the Design,
 Low lays the house which that of cards doth build,
 Shall Dennis be ! if rigid fates incline,
 And many an Epick to his rage shall yield ;
 And many a poet quit th' Aonian field ;
 And, sour'd by age, profound he shall appear,
 As he who now with 'sdeignfull fury thrill'd
 Surveys mine work, and levels many a sneer,
 And furls his wrinkly front, and cries " What stuff is
 here ! "

XXX

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle skie,
 And Liberty unbars their prison-door ;
 And like a rushing torrent out they fly,
 And now the grassy cirque han cover'd o'er
 With boist'rous revel-rout and wild uproar ;
 A thousand ways in wanton rings they run,
 Heav'n shield their short-liv'd pastimes, I implore !
 For well may freedom, erst so dearly won,
 Appear to British elf more gladsome than the sun.

XXXI

Enjoy, poor imps ! enjoy your sportive trade ;
 And chase gay flies and cull the fairest flow'rs,
 For when my bones in grass-green sods are laid,
 For never may ye taste more careless hours

Eighteenth-Century Poems

In knightly castles, or in ladies' bow'rs.
O vain to seek delight in earthly thing !
But most in courts where proud ambition tow'rs ;
Deluded wight ! who weens fair peace can spring
Beneath the pompous dome of Kesar or of king.

XXXII

See in each sprite some various bent appear !
These rudely carol most incondite lay ;
Those, saunt'ring on the green, with jocund leer
Salute the stranger passing on his way ;
Some builden fragile tenements of clay ;
Some to the standing lake their courses bend,
With pebbles smooth at Duck and Drake to play ;
Thilk to the huxter's sav'ry cottage tend,
In pastry kings and queens th' allotted mite to spend.

XXXIII

Here, as each season yields a different store,
Each season's stores in order ranged been ;
Apples with cabbage-net y-cover'd o'er,
Galling full sore th' unmoney'd wight, are seen ;
And goose-b'rie clad in liv'ry red or green ;
And here of lovely dye, the Cath'rine-pear,
Fine pear ! as lovely for thy juice, I ween :
O may no wight e'er penny-less come there,
Lest smit with ardent love he pine with hopeless care !

XXXIV

See ! cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,
With thread so white in tempting posies ty'd,
Scatt'ring like blooming maid their glances round,
With pamper'd look draw little eyes aside ;
And must be bought though penury betide ;
The plumb all azure and the nut all brown,
And here, each season, do those cakes abide,
Whose honour'd names th' inventive city own,
Rend'ring through Britain's isle Salopia's praises known ¹

¹ Shrewsbury cakes.

XXXV

Admir'd Salopia ! that with venial pride
 Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient wave ;
 Fam'd for her loyal cares in perils tried,
 Her daughters lovely, and her striplings brave :
 Ah ! 'midst the rest, may flowers adorn His grave,
 Whose art did first these dulcet cates display !
 A motive fair to Learning's imps he gave,
 Who chearless o'er her darkling region stray ;
 'Till reason's morn arise, and light them on their way.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

VERSES WRITTEN IN A LADY'S SHERLOCK
 UPON DEATH

MISTAKEN fair, lay Sherlock by,
 His doctrine is deceiving ;
 For whilst he teaches us to die,
 He cheats us of our living.

To die's a lesson we shall know
 Too soon, without a master ;
 Then let us only study now
 How we may live the faster.

To live's to love, to bless, be blest
 With mutual inclination ;
 Share then my ardour in your breast,
 And kindly meet my passion.

But if thus bless'd I may not live,
 And pity you deny,
 To me at least your Sherlock give,
 'Tis I must learn to die.

PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

Eighteenth-Century Poems

THE *JE NE SCAI QUOI*

YES, I'm in love, I feel it now,
And *Cælia* has undone me ;
And yet I'll swear I can't tell how
The pleasing plague stole on me.

'Tis not her face that love creates,
For there no graces revel ;
'Tis not her shape, for there the fates
Have rather been uncivil.

'Tis not her air, for sure in that
There's nothing more than common ;
And all her sense is only chat
Like any other woman.

Her voice, her touch might give th' alarm—
'Twas both perhaps, or neither ;
In short, 'twas that provoking charm
Of *Cælia* altogether.

WILLIAM WHITEHEAD.

EPIGRAM

I LOV'D thee beautiful and kind,
And plighted an eternal vow ;
So alter'd are thy face and mind,
'Twere perjury to love thee now.

ROBERT, EARL NUGENT.

THE POET'S PRAYER

If e'er in thy sight I found favour, Apollo,
Defend me from all the disasters which follow :
From the knaves and the fools, and the fops of the time,
From the drudges in prose, and the triflers in rhyme :
From the patch-work and toils of the royal sack-bibber,
Those dead birth-day odes, and the farces of *Cibber* :

From servile attendance on men in high-places,
 Their worships, and honours, and lordships, and graces :
 From long dedications to patrons unworthy,
 Who hear and receive, but will do nothing for thee :
 From being caress'd to be left in the lurch,
 The tool of a party, in state or in church :
 From dull thinking blockheads, as sober as Turks,
 And petulant bards who repeat their own works :
 From all the gay things of a drawing-room show,
 The sight of a Belle and the smell of a Beau :
 From busy back-biters, and tatlers and carpers,
 And scurvy acquaintance of fidlers and sharpers :
 From old politicians, and coffee-house lectures,
 The dreams of a chymist, and schemes of projectors :
 From the fears of a gaol, and the hopes of a pension,
 The tricks of a gamester, and oath of an ensign ;
 From shallow free-thinkers in taverns disputing,
 Nor ever confuted, nor ever confuting :
 From the constant good fare of another man's board,
 My lady's broad hints, and the jests of my lord ;
 From hearing old chymists prelecting *de oleo*,
 And reading of Dutch commentators in folio :
 From waiting, like *Gay*, whole years at Whitehall :
 From the pride of gay wits, and the envy of small,
 From very fine ladies with very fine incomes,
 Which they finely lay out on fine toys and fine trincums :
 From the pranks of ridottoes and court-masquerades,
 The snares of young jilts, and the spight of old maids :
 From a saucy dull stage, and submitting to share
 In an empty third night with a beggarly play'r :
 From *Curl* and such Printers as wou'd ha' me curst
 To write second parts, let who will write the first :
 From all pious patriots, who would to their best,
 Put on a new tax, and take off an old test :
 From the faith of informers, the fangs of the law,
 And the great rogues, who keep all the lesser in awe :
 From a poor country-cure, that living interment,
 With a wife and no prospect of any preferment :
 From scribbling for hire, when my credit is sunk,
 To buy no new coat, and to line an old trunk :

Eighteenth-Century Poems

From 'squires, who divert us with jokes at their tables
Of hounds in their kennels, and nags in their stables :
From the nobles and commons, who bound in strict
league are

To subscribe for no book, yet subscribe to Heidegger :
From the cant of fanaticks, the jargon of schools,
The censures of wisemen, and praises of fools :
From criticks who never read Latin or Greek,
And pedants, who boast they read both all the week :
From borrowing wit, to repay it like *Budgel*,
Or lending, like *Pope*, to be paid by a cudgel :
If ever thou didst, or wilt ever befriend me,
From these, and such evils, *Apollo*, defend me ;
And let me be rather but honest with no-wit,
Than a noisy nonsensical half-witted poet.

ANONYMOUS.

A LITTLE WISH

GRANT me, gods, a little seat,
Modern built, and furnish'd neat :
Let it stand on rising ground,
For a prospect all around ;
Call the mansion Cowper's Hill ;
From the mount a little rill
Let meand'ring gently flow
Thro' the verdant vale below.
Add a little garden to't,
Planted, wall'd and well laid out ;
And a little bow'r therein
Little bower ever green ;
And a little shady grove,
Or for study, or for love ;
And some little trees that bear
Pippin, cherry, plumb, and pear ;
And the apricot and peach
On the wall within my reach ;
And each fragrant flow'r that grows,
Fragrant flower for the nose ;

And the rose in all its pride,
 Blooming rose, for blooming bride ;
 Tulips too in richest shew,
 Tulips gay, as birth-night beau.

Let us now go in a door,
 And see what to ask for more :
 Grant, ye pow'rs, a little wine,
 For a guest that comes to dine,
 And a stock of mild and stale,
 Honest neighbours to regale,
 And October strong and mellow,
 Tubes and weed for hearty fellow ;
 These in Cestrian moulds comprest,
 This of Brocas very best :
 Cordials too in cupboard be,
 Rum, arrack and ratafia ;
 Now and then a little cup
 Serves to keep the spirits up.

As a sportsman, give me horses,
 Some for chace and some for courses,
 And a pack of little hounds,
 To drive Reynard o'er the downs :
 Grant for these a fit estate,
 Not too little, nor too great.

But if ask again I shall,
 I will ask what's all in all ;
 Give a little pretty spouse,
 For to grace my little house ;
 Let her have complexion fair,
 Sparkling eyes, and auburn hair,
 Skin as white as neck of swan,
 Smooth as down that grows thereon,
 Smiling looks, and ruby lips,
 Waist that tapers to her hips,
 And fine arms that easy fall ,
 And soft hands, and fingers small,
 Skill'd to touch the warbling strings,
 When her lays, or mine she sings :
 Let her frank and pleasant be
 To my friends, as well as me ;

Eighteenth-Century Poems

And with wit and beauty's charms,
Glad my heart and bless my arms :
Be the produce of our joys,
Little girls and little boys.

O ! the sweets of such a life !
To be bless'd with such a wife !
Grant but these, may I be poor,
When I ask a little more.

ANONYMOUS.

A RECEIPT TO CURE THE VAPOURS

Written to Lady I[rwi]n

WHY will Delia thus retire,
And languish life away ?
While the sighing crowd admire,
'Tis too soon for hartshorn tea.

All those dismal looks and fretting,
Cannot Damon's life restore ;
Long ago the worms have eat him,
You can never see him more.

Once again consult your toilet,
In the glass your face review :
So much weeping soon will spoil it,
And no spring your charms renew.

I like you was born a woman,
Well I know what vapours mean ;
The disease, alas ! is common ;
Single, we have all the Spleen.

All the morals that they tell us,
Never cur'd the sorrow yet :
Chuse, among the pretty fellows,
One of honour, youth, and wit.

1741-1750

Prithee hear him every morning,
At the least an hour or two ;
Once again at night returning,
I believe the dose will do.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THOMSON

In yonder grave a Druid lies,
Where slowly winds the stealing wave !
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise
To deck its Poet's sylvan grave !

In yon deep bed of whisp'ring reeds
His airy harp ¹ shall now be laid,
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love thro' life the soothing shade.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,
And while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear
To hear the Woodland Pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar
To bid his gentle spirit rest !

And oft as Ease and Health retire
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening ² spire,
And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

¹ The harp of Æolus, of which see a description in the "Castle of Indolence."

² Richmond Church.

Eighteenth-Century Poems

But thou, who own'st that earthy bed,
Ah ! what will every dirge avail ?
Or tears, which Love and Pity shed,
That mourn beneath the gliding sail ?

Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimm'ring near ?
With him, sweet bard, may Fancy die,
And Joy desert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
No sedge-crown'd Sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side,
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend !

And see, the fairy valleys fade,
Dun Night has veil'd the solemn view !
—Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek Nature's child, again adieu !

The genial meads assign'd to bless
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom ;
Their hinds, and shepherd-girls shall dress
With simple hands thy rural tomb.

Long, long, thy stone, and pointed clay
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes ;
O ! vales, and wild woods, shall He say
In yonder grave your Druid lies !

WILLIAM COLLINS.

ODE ON THE PLEASURE ARISING FROM
VICISSITUDE

Now the golden Morn aloft
 Waves her dew-bespangled wing,
 With vermil cheek, and whisper soft
 She wooes the tardy Spring :
 Till April starts, and calls around
 The sleeping fragrance from the ground ;
 And lightly o'er the living scene
 Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.

New-born flocks, in rustic dance,
 Frisking ply their feeble feet ;
 Forgetful of their wintry trance
 The birds his presence greet :
 But chief, the Sky-Lark warbles high
 His trembling thrilling extacy ;
 And, lessening from the dazzled sight,
 Melts into air and liquid light.

Yesterday the sullen year
 Saw the snowy whirlwind fly ;
 Mute was the music of the air,
 The herd stood drooping by :
 Their raptures now that wildly flow,
 No yesterday, nor morrow know ;
 'Tis Man alone that joy describes
 With forward, and reverted eyes.

Smiles on past Misfortune's brow
 Soft Reflection's hand can trace ;
 And o'er the cheek of Sorrow throw
 A melancholy grace ;

Eighteenth-Century Poems

While Hope prolongs our happier hour ;
Or deepest shades, that dimly lower
And blacken round our weary way,
Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

Still, where rosy Pleasure leads,
See a kindred Grief pursue ;
Behind the steps that Misery treads
Approaching Comfort view :
The hues of bliss more brightly glow,
Chastis'd by sabler tints of woe,
And blended form, with artful strife,
The strength and harmony of life.

See the Wretch, that long has tost
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost,
And breathe, and walk again :
The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To Him are opening Paradise.

THOMAS GRAY.

CHRISTMAS DAY. FOR DOLLY. 1750

CHRISTIANS, awake, Salute the happy Morn,
Whereon the *Saviour* of the World was born ;
Rise, to adore the Mystery of Love,
Which Hosts of Angels chanted from above :
With them the joyful Tidings first begun
Of *God* incarnate, and the Virgin's Son :
Then to the watchful Shepherds it was told,
Who heard th' Angelic Herald's voice—*Behold !*
I bring good Tidings of a Saviour's Birth
To you, and all the Nations upon Earth ;

This Day hath God fulfill'd his promis'd Word ;
This day is born a Saviour, Christ, the Lord.
In David's City, Shepherds, ye shall find
The long foretold Redeemer of Mankind ;
Wrapt up in swaddling Cloaths, the Babe divine
Lies in a Manger ; this shall be your Sign.
 He spake, and straightway the Celestial Choir,
 In Hymns of Joy, unknown before, conspire :
 The Praises of redeeming Love they sung,
 And Heav'n's whole Orb with Hallelujahs rung :
 God's highest Glory was their Anthem still ;
 Peace upon Earth, and mutual Good-will.
 To *Bethlehem* straight th' enlightened Shepherds ran
 To see the Wonder *God* had wrought for Man ;
 And found, with *Joseph* and the blessed Maid,
 Her Son, the *Saviour*, in a Manger laid.
 Amaz'd, the wondrous Story they proclaim ;
 The first Apostles of his Infant Fame :
 While *Mary* keeps, and ponders in her Heart
 The heav'nly Vision, which the Swains impart ;
 They to their Flocks, still praising *God*, return,
 And their glad Hearts within their Bosoms burn.

Let us, like these good Shepherds then, employ
 Our grateful Voices to proclaim the Joy :
 Like *Mary*, let us ponder in our Mind
 God's wondrous Love in saving lost Mankind ;
 Artless, and watchful, as these favour'd Swains,
 While Virgin Meekness in the Heart remains :
 Trace we the Babe, who has retriev'd our Loss,
 From his poor Manger to his bitter Cross ;
 Treading his Steps, assisted by his Grace,
 Till Man's first heav'nly State again takes Place :
 Then may we hope, th' Angelic Thrones among,
 To sing, redeem'd, a glad triumphal Song :
 He that was born, upon this joyful Day,
 Around us all, his Glory shall display ;
 Sav'd by his Love, incessant we shall sing
 Of Angels, and of Angel-Men, the King.

JOHN BYROM.

Eighteenth-Century Poems

THE WANDERING SHEEP RECOVERED

LORD, we have wander'd from thy Way ;
Like foolish Sheep, have gone astray ;
Our pleasant Pastures we have left,
And of their Guard our Souls bereft.

Expos'd to Want, expos'd to Harm ;
Far from our gentle Shepherd's Arm ;
Nor will these fatal Wand'rings cease,
Till thou reveal the Paths of Peace.

O seek thy thoughtless Servants, Lord,
Nor let us quite forget thy Word ;
Our erring Souls do thou restore,
And keep us, that we stray no more.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

GOD THE EVERLASTING LIGHT OF THE SAINTS ABOVE

YE golden Lamps of Heav'n, farewel,
With all your feeble Light :
Farewel, thou ever-changing Moon,
Pale Empress of the Night.

And thou refulgent Orb of Day
In brighter Flames array'd,
My Soul, that springs beyond thy Sphere,
No more demands thine Aid.

Ye Stars are but the shining Dust
Of my divine Abode,
The Pavement of those heav'nly Courts,
Where I shall reign with God.

The Father of eternal Light
Shall there his Beams display ;
Nor shall one Moment's Darkness mix
With that unvaried Day.

1751-1760

No more the Drops of piercing Grief
Shall swell into mine Eyes ;
Nor the Meridian Sun decline
Amidst those brighter Skies.

There all the Millions of his Saints
Shall in one Song unite,
And Each the Bliss of all shall view
With infinite Delight.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

Love Divine, all Loves excelling,
Joy of Heav'n to Earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble Dwelling,
All thy faithful Mercies crown ;

Jesu, Thou art all Compassion,
Pure unbounded Love thou art,
Visit us with thy Salvation,
Enter every trembling Heart.

Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled Breast ;
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find that Second Rest :

Take away the *Power* of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of Faith as it's Beginning,
Set our Hearts at Liberty.

Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy Grace receive,
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy Temples leave.

Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy Hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect Love.

Eighteenth-Century Poems

Finish then thy New Creation,
Pure and sinless let us be,
Let us see thy great Salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee ;

Chang'd from Glory into Glory,
Till in Heav'n we take our Place,
Till we cast our Crowns before Thee,
Lost in Wonder, Love, and Praise !

CHARLES WESLEY.

[SONG]

FILL me a Bowl, a mighty Bowl,
Large as my capacious Soul,
Vast as my Thirst is.

Let it have Depth enough to be my Grave ;
I mean the Grave of all my Care,
For I design to bury't there.

Let it of Silver fashion'd be,
Worthy of Wine, worthy of me ;
Worthy to adorn the Spheres,
As that bright Cup amongst the Stars.

Fill me a Bowl, a mighty Bowl,
Large as my capacious Soul.

ANONYMOUS.

[SONG]

TELL me, lovely Shepherd, where,
Thou feed'st at Noon thy fleecy Care
Direct me to the sweet Retreat
That guards thee from the Mid-day Heat.

1751-1760

Lest by thy Flocks I lonely stray,
Without a Guide and lose my Way ;
Where rest at Noon thy bleating Care,
Gentle Shepherd, tell me where ?

ANONYMOUS.

TO HIS SON

TEMPERANCE, exercise, and air,
Make thee strong and debonair ;
Quiet, competence, and health,
Furnish thee with real wealth ;
Truth, humility, and love,
Lead thee to the bliss above.
More at best, is but a bubble,
More is often toil and trouble.

JOHN DYER.

INSCRIPTION FOR A GROTTTO

To me, who in their lays the shepherds call
Actaea, daughter of the neighbouring stream,
This cave belongs. The fig-tree and the vine,
Which o'er the rocky entrance downward shoot,
Were placed by Glycon. He with cowslips pale,
Primrose, and purple Lychnis, deck'd the green
Before my threshold, and my shelving walls
With honeysuckle cover'd. Here at noon,
Lull'd by the murmur of my rising fount,
I slumber : here my clustering fruits I tend ;
Or from the humid flowers, at break of day,
Fresh garlands weave, and chace from all my bounds
Each thing impure or noxious. Enter-in,
O stranger, undismay'd. Nor bat nor toad
Here lurks : and if thy breast of blameless thoughts
Approve thee, not unwelcome shalt thou tread
My quiet mansion : chiefly if thy name
Wise Pallas and the immortal Muses own.

MARK AKENSIDE.

Eighteenth-Century Poems

AN EPISTLE FROM THOMAS HEARN, *Antiquary*
TO THE AUTHOR OF *The Companion to the Oxford Guide*, etc.

FRIEND of the moss-grown Spire and crumbling Arch,
Who won't at Eve to pace the long-lost Bounds
Of lonesome *Osney* ! what malignant Fiend
Thy cloister-loving Mind, from antient Lore,
Hath base seduc'd ? Urg'd thy apostate Pen
To trench deep Wounds on *Antiquaries* sage,
And drag the venerable Fathers forth,
Victims to Laughter ! Cruel as the Mandate
Of mitred Priests, who *Baskett* late enjoined
To throw aside the reverend Letters *black*,
And print *Fast-Prayers* in modern Type !—At this
Leland, and *Willis*, *Dugdale*, *Tanner*, *Wood*,
Illustrious Names ! with *Camden*, *Aubrey*, *Lloyd*,¹
Scald their old Cheeks with Tears ! For once they hop'd
To seal thee for their own ! And fondly deem'd
The Muses, at thy Call, would crowding come
To deck *Antiquity* with Flowrets gay.
But now may Curses every Search attend
That seems inviting ! May'st thou pore in vain
For dubious Doorways ! May revengeful Moths
Thy Ledgers eat ! May chronologic Spouts
Retain no Cypher legible ! May Crypts
Lurk undiscern'd ! Nor mayst thou spell the Names
Of Saints in storied Windows ! Nor the Dates
Of Bells discover ! Nor the genuine Site
Of Abbots Pantries ! And may *Godstowe* veil,
Deep from thy Eyes profane, her *Gothic* charms !

JOSEPH WARTON THE YOUNGER.

VERSES SENT BY LORD MELCOMBE TO
DR. YOUNG, NOT LONG BEFORE HIS DEATH

Love thy country, wish it well,
Not with too intense a care ;
'Tis enough that, when it fell,
Thou its ruin didst not share.

¹ Names of eminent antiquaries.

1761-1770

Envy's censure, Flattery's praise,
With unmoved indifference view ;
Learn to tread life's dangerous maze
With unerring Virtue's clue.

Void of strong desire and fear,
Life's wide ocean trust no more ;
Strive thy little bark to steer
With the tide, but near the shore.

Thus prepared, thy shorten'd sail
Shall, when'er the winds increase,
Seizing each propitious gale,
Waft thee to the Port of Peace.

Keep thy conscience from offence
And tempestuous passions free ;
So, when thou art call'd from hence,
Easy shall thy passage be.

Easy shall thy passage be,
Cheerful thy allotted stay,
Short th' account 'twixt God and thee ;
Hope shall meet thee on the way :

Truth shall lead thee to the gate,
Mercy's self shall let thee in,
Where its never changing state,
Full perfection shall begin.

GEORGE BUBB DODINGTON, LORD MELCOMBE.

FROM "THE GHOST,"

BOOK II

Pomposo (insolent and loud),
Vain idol of a *scribbling* crowd,
Whose very name inspires an awe,
Whose ev'ry word is Sense and Law,
For what his Greatness hath decreed,

Eighteenth-Century Poems

Like Laws of *Persia* and of *Mede*,
Sacred thro' all the realm of *Wit*,
Must never of Repeal admit ;
Who, cursing flatt'ry, is the tool
Of ev'ry fawning, flatt'ring fool ;
Who wit with jealous eye surveys,
And sickens at another's praise ;
Who, proudly seiz'd of *Learning's* throne,
Now damns all Learning but his own ;
Who scorns those common wares to trade in,
Reas'ning, Convincing, and Persuading,
But makes each Sentence current pass
With *Puppy, Coxcomb, Scoundrel, Ass* ;
For 'tis with him a certain rule,
The Folly's prov'd when he calls Fool ;
Who, to increase his native strength,
Draws words six syllables in length,
With which, assisted with a frown
By way of Club, he knocks us down ;
Who 'bove the Vulgar dares to rise,
And Sense of *Decency* defies,
(For this same *Decency* is made
Only for Bunglers in the trade,
And, like the *Cobweb Laws*, is still
Broke thro' by *Great ones* when they will)—
Pomposo, with *strong sense* supplied,
Supported, and confirm'd by *Pride*,
His Comrades' terrors to beguile,
Grinn'd horribly a ghastly smile :
Features so horrid, were it light,
Would put the Devil himself to flight.

.

FROM BOOK III

Horrid, *unweildly, without Form*,
Savage, as *Ocean* in a Storm,
Of size prodigious, in the rear,
That Post of Honour, should appear
Pomposo ; *Fame* around should tell
How he a slave to int'rest fell,

1761-1770

How, for *Integrity* renown'd,
Which Booksellers have often found,
He for *Subscribers* baits his hook,
And takes their cash—but where's the Book?
No matter where—*Wise* Fear, we know,
Forbids the robbing of a Foe;
But what, to serve our private ends,
Forbids the cheating of our Friends?
No Man alive, who would not swear
All's *safe*, and therefore *honest* there.
For, spite of all the learned's say,
If we to Truth attention pay,
The word *Dishonesty* is meant
For nothing else but *Punishment*.
Fame too should tell, nor heed the threat
Of Rogues, who Brother Rogues abet,
Nor tremble at the terrors hung
Aloft, *to make her hold her tongue*,
How to all Principles untrue,
Nor fix'd to *old* Friends, nor to *New*,
He damns the *Pension* which he takes,
And loves the *Stuart* he forsakes.
Nature (who justly regular,
Is very seldom known to err,
But now and then in *sportive mood*,
As some *rude* wits have understood,
Or *through much work requir'd in haste*,
Is with a random stroke disgrac'd)
Pomposo form'd on *doubtful* plan,
Not quite a *Beast*, nor quite a *Man*,
Like—*God knows what*—for never yet
Could the most subtle human Wit
Find out a Monster, which might be
The Shadow of a *Simile*.

FROM "GOTHAM," BOOK II

The *First*, who, from his native soil remov'd,
Held *England's* sceptre, a tame Tyrant prov'd.
Virtue he lack'd, curs'd with those thoughts which spring
In souls of vulgar stamp, to be a King;

Eighteenth-Century Poems

Spirit he had not, tho' he laugh'd at Laws,
To play the bold-fac'd Tyrant with applause ;
On practices most mean he rais'd his pride,
And Craft oft gave, what Wisdom oft denied.

Ne'er cou'd he feel how truly Man is blest
In blessing those around him ; in his breast,
Crowded with follies, Honour found no room ;
Mark'd for a Coward in his Mother's Womb,
He was too proud without affronts to live,
Too timorous to punish or forgive.

To gain a crown, which had in course of time,
By fair descent, been his without a crime,
He bore a Mother's exile ; to secure
A greater crown, he basely could endure
The spilling of her blood by foreign knife,
Nor dar'd revenge her death who gave him life ;
Nay, by fond fear, and fond ambition led,
Struck hands with Those by whom her blood was shed.

Call'd up to Pow'r, scarce warm on England's throne,
He fill'd her Court with beggars from his own,
Turn where You would, the eye with *Scots* was caught,
Or *English* knaves who would be *Scotsmen* thought.
To vain expence unbounded loose he gave,
The dupe of Minions, and of slaves the slave ;
On false pretences mighty sums he rais'd,
And damn'd those senates rich, whom, poor, he prais'd :
From Empire thrown, and doom'd to beg her bread,
On foreign bounty whilst a Daughter fed,
He lavish'd sums, for her receiv'd, on Men
Whose names would fix dishonour on my pen.

Lies were his Play-things, Parliaments his sport,
Book-worms and Catamites engross'd the Court ;
Vain of the Scholar, like all *Scotsmen* since
The *Pedant* Scholar, he forgot the Prince,
And, having with some trifles stor'd his brain,
Ne'er learn'd, or wish'd to learn the arts to reign.
Enough he knew to make him vain and proud,
Mock'd by the wise, the wonder of the croud ;
False Friend, false Son, false Father, and false King,
False Wit, false Statesman, and false ev'rything,

When He should act, he idly chose to prate,
And pamphlets wrote, when he should save the State.

Religious, if Religion holds in whim,
To talk with all, he let all talk with him,
Not on God's honour, but his own intent,
Not for Religion sake, but argument ;
More vain if some sly, artful, *High-Dutch* slave,
Or, from the *Jesuit* school, some precious knave
Conviction feign'd, than if, to Peace restor'd
By his full soldiership, Worlds hail'd him lord.

Pow'r was his wish, unbounded as his will,
The Pow'r, without controul, of doing ill.
But what he wish'd, what he made *Bishops* preach,
And *Statesmen* warrant, hung within his reach
He dar'd not seize ; Fear gave, to gall his pride,
That Freedom to the Realm his will denied.

Of Treaties fond, o'erweening of his parts,
In ev'ry Treaty, of his own mean arts
He fell the dupe ; Peace was his Coward care,
E'en at a time when Justice call'd for war ;
His pen he'd draw, to prove his lack of wit,
But, rather than unsheath the sword, submit ;
Truth fairly must record, and, pleas'd to live
In league with *Mercy*, *Justice* may forgive
Kingdoms betray'd, and Worlds resign'd to *Spain*,
But never can forgive a *Raleigh* slain.

At length, (with white let Freedom mark that year)
Not fear'd by those, whom most he wish'd to fear,
Not loved by those, whom most he wish'd to love,
He went to answer for his faults above,
To answer to that God, from whom alone
He claim'd to hold, and to abuse the throne,
Leaving behind, a curse to all his line,
The bloody Legacy of *Right Divine*.

FROM "THE CANDIDATE"

Enough of *Self*—that darling, luscious theme,
O'er which Philosophers in raptures dream ;
On which with seeming disregard they write,
Then prizing most, when most they seem to slight ;

Eighteenth-Century Poems

Vain proof of Folly tinctur'd strong with pride !
What Man can from himself himself divide ?
For Me (nor dare I lie) my leading aim,
(Conscience first satisfied) is love of Fame,
Some little Fame deriv'd from some brave few,
Who, prizing Honour, prize her Vot'ries too.
Let All (nor shall resentment flush my cheek)
Who know me well, what they know, freely speak,
So Those (the greatest curse I meet below)
Who know me not, may not pretend to know.
Let none of Those, whom bless'd with parts above
My feeble Genius, still I dare to love,
Doing more mischief than a thousand foes,
Posthumous nonsense to the world expose,
And call it mine, for mine tho' never known,
Or which, if mine, I living blush'd to own.
Know all the World, no greedy heir shall find,
Die when I will, one couplet left behind.
Let none of Those, whom I despise tho' great,
Pretending Friendship to give malice weight,
Publish my life ; let no false, sneaking peer,
(Some such there are) to win the public ear,
Hand me to shame with some vile anecdote,
Nor soul-gall'd Bishop damn me with a note.
Let one poor sprig of Bay around my head
Bloom whilst I live, and point me out when dead ;
Let It (may Heav'n, indulgent, grant that pray'r)
Be planted on my grave, nor wither there ;
And when, on travel bound, some riming guest
Roams thro' the Church-yard, whilst his Dinner's
dress'd,
Let It hold up this comment to his eyes ;
Life to the last enjoy'd, *here* Churchill lies ;
Whilst (O, what joy that pleasing flatt'ry gives)
Reading my Works, he cries—*here* Churchill lives.

CHARLES CHURCHILL.

1761-1770

COUNTESS *TEMPLE*,
APPOINTED *POET LAUREATE* TO THE
KING OF THE FAIRIES

WRITTEN AT THE DESIRE OF LADY *SUFFOLK*,
JANUARY 3, 1764

By these presents be it known,
To all who bend before our throne,
Fays and fairies, elves and sprites,
Beauteous dames and gallant knights,
That we, Oberon the grand,
Emperor of Fairy-Land,
King of moonshine, prince of dreams,
Lord of Aganippe's streams,
Baron of the dimpled isles
That lie in pretty maidens' smiles,
Arch-treasurer of all the graces
Dispers'd through fifty lovely faces,
Sovereign of the slipper's order,
With all the rites thereon that border,
Defender of the sylphic faith,
Declare—and thus your monarch saith :

Whereas there is a noble dame,
Whom mortals Countess Temple name,
To whom ourself did erst impart
The choicest secrets of our art,
Taught her to tune th' harmonious line
To our own melody divine,
Taught her the graceful negligence,
Which, scorning art and veiling sense,
Achieves that conquest o'er the heart
Sense seldom gains, and never art :
This lady, 'tis our royal will
Our laureate's vacant seat should fill ;
A chaplet of immortal bays
Shall crown her brow and guard her lays ;

Eighteenth-Century Poems

Of nectar sack, an acorn cup
Be at her board each year fill'd up ;
And as each quarter feast comes round
A silver penny shall be found
Within the compass of her shoe—
And so we bid you all adieu.

Given at our palace of Cowslip-Castle, the shortest
night of the year.—OBERON.

HORACE WALPOLE, EARL OF ORFORD.

A SONG TO DAVID

DAVID the Son of Jesse said, and the Man who was
raised up on High, the Anointed of the GOD of Jacob,
and the sweet Psalmist of Israel, said,

The SPIRIT OF THE LORD spake by Me, and HIS WORD
was in my Tongue.—2 Sam. xxiii. 1, 2.

I

O THOU, that sit'st upon a throne,
With harp of high majestic tone,
To praise the King of kings ;
And voice of heav'n-ascending swell,
Which, while its deeper notes excell,
Clear, as a clarion, rings :

II

To bless each valley, grove and coast,
And charm the cherubs to the post
Of gratitude in throngs ;
To *keep* the days on Zion's mount,
And send the year to his account,
With dances and with songs :

III

O Servant of God's holiest charge,
The minister of praise at large,
Which thou may'st now receive ;
From thy blest mansion hail and hear,
From topmost eminence appear
To this the wreath I weave.

IV

Great, valiant, pious, good, and clean,
 Sublime, contemplative, serene,
 Strong, constant, pleasant, wise !
 Bright effluence of exceeding grace ;
 Best man !—the swiftness and the race,
 The peril, and the prize !

* * * *

XVIII

He sung of God—the mighty source
 Of all things—the stupendous force
 On which all strength depends ;
 From whose right arm, beneath whose eyes,
 All period, pow'r, and enterprize
 Commences, reigns, and ends.

XIX

Angels—their ministry and meed,
 Which to and fro with blessings speed,
 Or with their citterns wait ;
 Where Michael with his millions bows,
 Where dwells the seraph and his spouse,
 The cherub and her mate.

XX

Of man—the semblance and effect
 Of God and Love—the Saint elect
 For infinite applause—
 To rule the land, and briny broad,
 To be laborious in his laud,
 And heroes in his cause.

XXI

The world—the clust'ring spheres he made,
 The glorious light, the soothing shade,
 Dale, champaign, grove, and hill ;
 The multitudinous abyss,
 Where secrecy remains in bliss,
 And wisdom hides her skill.

Eighteenth-Century Poems

XXII

Trees, plants, and flow'rs—of virtuous root ;
Gem yielding blossom, yielding fruit,
Choice gums and precious balm ;
Bless ye the nosegay in the vale,
And with the sweetness of the gale
Enrich the thankful psalm.

XXIII

Of fowl—e'en ev'ry beak and wing
Which cheer the winter, hail the spring,
That live in peace or prey ;
They that make music, or that mock,
The quail, the brave domestic cock,
The raven, swan, and jay.

XXIV

Of fishes—ev'ry size and shape,
Which nature frames of light escape,
Devouring man to shun :
The shells are in the wealthy deep,
The shoals upon the surface leap,
And love the glancing sun.

XXV

Of beasts—the beaver plods his task ;
While the sleek tigers roll and bask,
Nor yet the shades arouse :
Her cave the mining coney scoops ;
Where o'er the mead the mountain stoops,
The kids exult and brouse.

XXVI

Of gems—their virtue and their price,
Which hid in earth from man's device,
Their darts of lustre sheathe ;
The jasper of the master's stamp,
The topaz blazing like a lamp
Among the mines beneath.

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XXXI

Alpha, the cause of causes, first
 In station, fountain, whence the burst
 Of light, and blaze of day ;
 Whence bold attempt, and brave advance,
 Have motion, life and ordinance,
 And heav'n itself its stay.

XXXII

Gamma supports the glorious arch
 On which angelic legions march,
 And is with sapphires pav'd ;
 Thence the fleet clouds are sent adrift,
 And thence the painted folds, that lift
 The crimson veil, are wav'd.

XXXIII

Eta with living sculpture breathes,
 With verdant carvings, flow'ry wreathes
 Of never-wasting bloom ;
 In strong relief his goodly base
 All instruments of labour grace,
 The trowel, spade, and loom.

XXXIV

Next Theta stands to the Supreme—
 Who form'd, in number, sign, and scheme,
 Th' illustrious lights that are ;
 And one address'd his saffron robe,
 And one, clad in a silver globe,
 Held rule with ev'ry star.

XXXV

Iota's tun'd to choral hymns
 Of those that fly, while he that swims
 In thankful safety lurks ;
 And foot, and chapitre, and niche,
 The various histories enrich
 Of God's recorded works.

Eighteenth-Century Poems

XXXVI

Sigma presents the social droves,
With him that solitary roves,
And man of all the chief ;
Fair on whose face, and stately frame,
Did God impress his hallow'd name,
For ocular belief.

XXXVII

OMEGA ! GREATEST and the BEST,
Stands sacred to the day of rest,
For gratitude and thought ;
Which bless'd the world upon his pole,
And gave the universe his goal,
And clos'd th' infernal draught.

XXXVIII

O DAVID, scholar of the Lord !
Such is thy science, whence reward
And infinite degree ;
O strength, O sweetness, lasting ripe !
God's harp thy symbol, and thy type
The lion and the bee !

XXXIX

There is but One who ne'er rebell'd,
But One by passion unimpell'd,
By pleasures unentic'd ;
He from himself his semblance sent,
Grand object of his own content,
And saw the God in CHRIST.

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XLIX

O DAVID, highest in the list
Of worthies, on God's ways insist,
¹ The genuine word repeat :
Vain are the documents of men,
And vain the flourish of the pen
That keeps the fool's conceit.

¹ Ps. 119.

L

PRAISE above all—for praise prevails ;
 Heap up the measure, load the scales,
 And good to goodness add ;
 The gen'rous soul her saviour aids,
 But peevish obloquy degrades ;
 The Lord is great and glad.

LI

For ADORATION all the ranks
 Of angels yield eternal thanks,
 And DAVID in the midst ;
 With God's good poor, which, last and least
 In man's esteem, thou to thy feast,
 O blessed bridegroom, bid'st.

LII

For ADORATION seasons change,
 And order, truth, and beauty range,
 Adjust, attract, and fill :
 The grass the polyanthus cheques ;
 And polish'd porphyry reflects,
 By the descending rill.

LIII

Rich almonds colour to the prime
 For ADORATION ; tendrils climb,
 And fruit-trees pledge their gems ;
 And Ivis ¹ with her gorgeous vest
 Builds for her eggs her cunning nest,
 And bell-flowers bow their stems.

LIV

With vinous syrup cedars spout ;
 From rocks pure honey gushing out,
 For ADORATION springs :
 All scenes of painting croud the map
 Of nature ; to the mermaid's pap
 The scaled infant clings.

¹ Humming-bird.

Eighteenth-Century Poems

LV

The spotted ounce and playsome cubs
Run rustling 'mongst the flow'ring shrubs,
And lizards feed the moss ;
For ADORATION beasts embark,
While waves upholding halcyon's ark
No longer roar and toss.

LVI

While Israel sits beneath his fig,
With coral root and amber sprig
The wean'd advent'rer sports ;
Where to the palm the jasmin cleaves,
For ADORATION 'mongst the leaves
The gale his peace reports.

LVII

Increasing days their reign exalt,
Nor in the pink and mottled vault
Th' opposing spirits tilt ;
And, by the coasting reader spied,
The silverlings and crusions glide
For ADORATION gilt.

LVIII

For ADORATION rip'ning canes
And cocoa's purest milk detains
The western pilgrim's staff ;
Where rain in clasping boughs inclos'd,
And vines with oranges dispos'd,
Embow'r the social laugh.

LIX

Now labour his reward receives,
For ADORATION counts his sheaves
To peace, her bounteous prince ;
The nectarine his strong tint imbibes,
And apples of ten thousand tribes,
And quick peculiar quince.

LX

The wealthy crops of whit'ning rice,
'Mongst thyine woods and groves of spice,
For ADORATION grow ;
And, marshall'd in the fenced land,
The peaches and pomegranates stand,
Where wild carnations blow.

LXI

The laurels with the winter strive ;
The crocus burnishes alive
Upon the snow-clad earth :
For ADORATION myrtles stay
To keep the garden from dismay,
And bless the sight from dearth.

LXII

The pheasant shews his pompous neck ;
And ermine, jealous of a speck,
With fear eludes offence :
The sable, with his glossy pride,
For ADORATION is descried,
Where frosts the waves condense.

LXIII

The chearful holly, pensive yew,
And holy thorn, their trim renew ;
The squirrel hoards his nuts :
All creatures batten o'er their stores,
And careful nature all her doors
For ADORATION shuts.

LXIV

For ADORATION, DAVID's psalms
Lift up the heart to deeds of alms ;
And he, who kneels and chants,
Prevails his passions to controul,
Finds meat and med'cine to the soul,
Which for translation pants.

Eighteenth-Century Poems

LXV

For ADORATION, beyond match,
The scholar bulfinch aims to catch
The soft flute's iv'ry touch ;
And, careless on the hazle spray,
The daring redbreast keeps at bay
The damsel's greedy clutch.

LXVI

For ADORATION, in the skies,
The Lord's philosopher espies
The Dog, the Ram, and Rose ;
The planet's ring, Orion's sword ;
Nor is his greatness less ador'd
In the vile worm that glows.

LXVII

For ADORATION on the strings ¹
The western breezes work their wings,
The captive ear to sooth.—
Hark ! 'tis a voice—how still, and small—
That makes the cataracts to fall,
Or bids the sea be smooth.

LXVIII

For ADORATION, incense comes
From bezoar, and Arabian gums ;
And on the civet's furr :
But as for prayer, or e're it faints,
Far better is the breath of saints
Than galbanum and myrrh.

LXIX

For ADORATION from the down
Of dam'sins to th' anana's crown,
God sends to tempt the taste ;
And while the luscious zest invites,
The sense, that in the scene delights,
Commands desire be chaste.

¹ Æolian harp.

LXX

For ADORATION, all the paths
Of grace are open, all the baths
Of purity refresh ;
And all the rays of glory beam
To deck the man of God's esteem,
Who triumphs o'er the flesh.

LXXI

For ADORATION, in the dome
Of Christ the sparrows find an home ;
And on his olives perch :
The swallow also dwells with thee,
O man of God's humility,
Within his Saviour CHURCH.

LXXII

Sweet is the dew that falls betimes,
And drops upon the leafy limes ;
Sweet Hermon's fragrant air :
Sweet is the lilly's silver bell,
And sweet the wakeful tapers smell
That watch for early pray'r.

LXXIII

Sweet the young nurse with love intense,
Which smiles o'er sleeping innocence ;
Sweet when the lost arrive :
Sweet the musician's ardour beats,
While his vague mind's in quest of sweets,
The choicest flow'rs to hive.

LXXIV

Sweeter in all the strains of love,
The language of thy turtle-dove,
Pair'd to thy swelling chord ;
Sweeter with ev'ry grace endu'd,
The glory of thy gratitude,
Respir'd unto the Lord.

Eighteenth-Century Poems

LXXV

Strong is the horse upon his speed ;
Strong in pursuit the rapid glede,
Which makes at once his game :
Strong the tall ostrich on the ground ;
Strong thro' the turbulent profound
Shoots xiphias ¹ to his aim.

LXXVI

Strong is the lion—like a coal
His eye-ball—like a bastion's mole
His chest against the foes :
Strong, the gier-eagle on his sail,
Strong against tide, th' enormous whale
Emerges as he goes.

LXXVII

But stronger still, in earth and air,
And in the sea, the man of pray'r,
And far beneath the tide ;
And in the seat to faith assign'd,
Where ask is have, where seek is find,
Where knock is open wide.

LXXVIII

Beauteous the fleet before the gale ;
Beauteous the multitudes in mail,
Rank'd arms and crested heads :
Beauteous the garden's umbrage mild,
Walk, water, meditated wild,
And all the bloomy beds.

LXXIX

Beauteous the moon full on the lawn ;
And beauteous, when the veil's withdrawn,
The virgin to her spouse :
Beauteous the temple deck'd and fill'd,
When to the heav'n of heav'ns they build
Their heart-directed vows.

¹ The sword-fish.

LXXX

Beauteous, yea beauteous more than these,
 The shepherd king upon his knees,
 For his momentous trust ;
 With wish of infinite conceit,
 For man, beast, mute, the small and great,
 And prostrate dust to dust.

LXXXI

Precious the bounteous widow's mite ;
 And precious, for extream delight,
 ¹ The largess from the churl :
 Precious the ruby's blushing blaze,
 And ² alba's blest imperial rays,
 And pure cerulean pearl.

LXXXII

Precious the penitential tear ;
 And precious is the sigh sincere,
 Acceptable to God :
 And precious are the winning flow'rs,
 In gladsome Israel's feast of bow'rs,
 Bound on the hallow'd sod.

LXXXIII

More precious that diviner part
 Of David, ev'n the Lord's own heart,
 Great, beautiful, and new :
 In all things where it was intent,
 In all extreams, in each event,
 Proof—answ'ring true to true.

LXXXIV

Glorious the sun in mid career ;
 Glorious th' assembled fires appear ;
 Glorious the comet's train :
 Glorious the trumpet and alarm ;
 Glorious th' almighty stretch'd-out arm;
 Glorious th' enraptur'd main :

¹ Sam. xxv. 18.² Rev. xi. 17.

Eighteenth-Century Poems

LXXXV

Glorious the northern lights astream ;
Glorious the song, when God's the theme ;
Glorious the thunder's roar :
Glorious hosanna from the den ;
Glorious the catholic amen ;
Glorious the martyr's gore ;

LXXXVI

Glorious—more glorious is the crown
Of Him that brought salvation down
By meekness, call'd thy Son ;
Thou [th]at stupendous truth believ'd,
And now the matchless deed's atchiev'd,
DETERMINED, DARED, and DONE.

CHRISTOPHER SMART.

SONG

WHAT a rout do you make for a single poor kiss !
I seiz'd it, 'tis true, and I ne'er shall repent it ;
May he ne'er enjoy one, who shall think 'twas amiss !
But for me, I thank dear Cytherea, who sent it.

You may pout, and look prettily cross ; but I pray,
What business so near to my lips had your cheek ?
If you will put temptation so pat in one's way,
Saints, resist if ye can ; but for me, I'm too weak.

But come, my sweet Fanny, our quarrel let's end ;
Nor will I by force what you gave not, retain :
By allowing the kiss, I'm for ever your friend—
If you say that I stole it, why take it again.

HORACE WALPOLE, EARL OF ORFORD.

SONNET XLIII

My gracious God, whose kind conducting hand
Has steer'd me through this Life's tumultuous sea,
From many a rock, and many a tempest free,
Which prudence could not shun, nor strength withstand,

1761-1770

And brought at length almost in sight of land,
That quiet haven where I long to be,
Only the streights of Death betwixt, which we
Are doom'd to pass, e'er reach the heav'nly strand ;
Be this short passage boisterous, rough, and rude,
Or smooth, and calm—Father, thy Will be done—
Support me only in the troublous stour ;
My sins all pardon'd through my Saviour's blood,
Let Faith, and Hope, and Patience still hold on
Unshaken, and Joy crown my latest hour !

THOMAS EDWARDS.

ON ALDERMAN W[HIM]

THE HISTORY OF HIS LIFE

THAT he was born, it cannot be deny'd,
He eat, drank, slept, talk'd politics, and dy'd.

AN ELEGY ON HIS DEATH

That Fate would not grant a reprieve,
'Tis true, we have cause to lament ;
Yet faith 'tis a folly to grieve,
So e'en let us all be content.
On the stone that was plac'd o'er his head,
When he mingled with shadows so grim
These words may be ev'ry day read,
“ Here lies the late Alderman Whim.”

JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

MYNSTRELLES SONGE

O ! synge untoe mie roundelaie,
O ! droppe the brynie teare wythe mee,
Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,
Lycke a reynynge ¹ ryver bee .
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

¹ Running.

Eighteenth-Century Poems

Blacke hys cryne ¹ as the wyntere nyghte,
Whyte hys rode ² as the sommer snowe,
Rodde hys face as the mornynge lyghte,
Cale he lyes ynne the grave belowe ;
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

Swote hys tyngue as the throstles note,
Quycke ynn daunce as thoughte canne bee,
Defte his taboure, codgelle stote,
O ! hee lyes bie the wyllowe tree :
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
 Alle underre the wyllowe tree.

Harke ! the ravenne flappes hys wynges,
In the briered dells belowe ;
Harke ! the dethe-owle loud dothe synge,
To the nyghte-mares as heie goe ;
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

See ! the whyte moone sheenes onne hie ;
Whyterre ys mie true loves shroude ;
Whyterre yanne the mornynge skie,
Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude ;
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

Heere, uponne mie true loves grave,
Schalle the baren fleurs be layde,
Nee one hallie Seyncte to save
Al the celness of a mayde.
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gonne to hys death-bedde,
 Alle under the wyllowe tree.

¹ Hair.

² Complexion.

1761-1770

Wythe mie hondes I'lle dente the brieres
Round his hallie corse to gre,
Ouphante fairie, lyghte youre fyres,
Heere mie boddie styлле schalle bee.

Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Comme, wythe acorme-coppe & thorne,
Drayne mie hartys blodde awaie ;
Lyfe & all yttes goode I scorne,
Daunce bie nete, or feaste by daie.

Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Waterre wythes, crownede wythe reytes,¹
Bere mee to yer leathalle tyde.
I die ; I comme ; mie true love waytes.
Thos the damselle spake, and dyed.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

SOLITUDE AT AN INN

(WRITTEN MAY 15, 1769)

OFt upon the twilight plain,
Circled with thy shadowy train,
While the dove at distance coo'd,
Have I met thee, Solitude !
Then was loneliness to me
Best and true society.
But, ah, how alter'd is thy mien
In this sad deserted scene !
Here all thy classic pleasures cease,
Musing mild, and thoughtful peace :
Here thou com'st in sullen mood,
Not with thy fantastic brood

¹ Water flags.

Eighteenth-Century Poems

Of magic shapes and visions airy
Beckon'd from the land of Fairy :
'Mid the melancholy void
Not a pensive charm enjoy'd !
No poetic being here
Strikes with airy sounds mine ear
No converse here to fancy cold
With many a fleeting form I hold.
Here all inelegant and rude
Thy presence is, sweet Solitude.

THOMAS WARTON THE YOUNGER.

WARWICKSHIRE

(SEPTEMBER 7, 1769)

YE Warwickshire lads, and ye lasses,
See what at our Jubilee passes,
Come revel away, rejoice and be glad,
For the lad of all lads, was a Warwickshire lad,
 Warwickshire lad,
 All be glad,
For the lad of all lads, was a Warwickshire lad.

Be proud of the charms of your county,
Where Nature has lavish'd her bounty,
Where much she has giv'n, and some to be spar'd,
For the bard of all bards, was a Warwickshire bard,
 Warwickshire bard,
 Never pair'd,
For the bard of all bards, was a Warwickshire bard.

Each shire has its different pleasures,
Each shire has its different treasures ;
But to rare Warwickshire all must submit,
For the wit of all wits, was a Warwickshire wit,
 Warwickshire wit,
 How he writ !
For the wit of all wits, was a Warwickshire wit.

1761-1770

Old Ben, Thomas Otway, John Dryden,
And half a score more we take pride in,
Of famous Will Congreve, we boast too the skill,
But the Will of all Wills, was a Warwickshire Will,
Warwickshire Will,
Matchless still,
For the Will of all Wills, was a Warwickshire Will.

Our Shakespeare compar'd is to no man,
Nor Frenchman, nor Grecian, nor Roman,
Their swans are all geese, to the Avon's sweet swan,
And the man of all men, was a Warwickshire man,
Warwickshire man,
Avon's swan,
And the man of all men, was a Warwickshire man.

As ven'son is very inviting,
To steal it our bard took delight in,
To make his friends merry he never was lag,
And the wag of all wags, was a Warwickshire wag,
Warwickshire wag,
Ever brag,
For the wag of all wags, was a Warwickshire wag.

There never was seen such a creature,
Of all she was worth, he robb'd Nature !
He took all her smiles, and he took all her grief,
And the thief of all thieves, was a Warwickshire thief,
Warwickshire thief,
He's the chief,
For the thief of all thieves, was a Warwickshire thief.

DAVID GARRICK.

“ ARGLWYDD ARWAIN TRWY'R ANIALWCH ”

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim thro' this barren land ;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy pow'rful hand :
Bread of heav'n, bread of heav'n, .
Feed me till I want no more.

Eighteenth-Century Poems

Open now the chrystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth flow ;
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey thro' :
Strong delivr'er, strong delivr'er,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside ;
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side :
Songs of praises, songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

Musing on my habitation,
Musing on my heav'nly home,
Fills my soul with holy longing :
Come, my Jesus, quickly come ;
Vanity is all I see ;
Lord I long to be with thee !

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

PRAYER FOR INDIFFERENCE

OFT I've implor'd the gods in vain,
And pray'd till I've been weary :
For once I'll seek my wish to gain
Of Oberon the fairy.

Sweet airy Being, wanton Spright,
Who liv'st in woods unseen ;
And oft by Cynthia's silver light
Trip'st gaily o'er the green ;

If e'er thy pitying heart was mov'd
As ancient stories tell ;
And for th' Athenian maid who lov'd,
Thou sought'st a wondrous spell,

1761-1770

O! deign once more t' exert thy power!
Haply some herb or tree,
Sovereign as juice from western flower,
Conceals a balm for me.

I ask no kind return in love,
No tempting charm to please;
Far from the heart such gifts remove,
That sighs for peace and ease!

Nor ease, nor peace, that heart can know,
That, like the needle true,
Turns at the touch of joy or woe;
But, turning, trembles too.

Far as distress the soul can wound,
'Tis pain in each degree:
'Tis bliss but to a certain bound—
Beyond—is agony.

Then take this treacherous sense of mine,
Which dooms me still to smart;
Which pleasure can to pain refine;
To pain new pangs impart.

O! haste to shed the sovereign balm,
My shatter'd nerves new-string;
And for my guest, serenely calm,
The nymph Indifference bring!

And what of life remains for me,
I'll pass in sober ease;
Half-pleas'd, contented will I be,
Content—but half to please.

FRANCES GREVILLE.

Eighteenth-Century Poems

RETALIATION

A POEM

OF old, when Scarron his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united ;
If our landlord ¹ supplies us with beef, and with fish,
Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the best
dish :

Our Dean ² shall be venison, just fresh from the plains ;
Our Burke ³ shall be tongue, with the garnish of brains ;
Our Will ⁴ shall be wild fowl, of excellent flavour,
And Dick ⁵ with his pepper, shall heighten their savour :
Our Cumberland's ⁶ sweetbread its place shall obtain,
And Douglas's ⁷ pudding substantial and plain :
Our Garrick's ⁸ a sallad, for in him we see
Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree :
To make out the dinner full certain I am,
That Ridge ⁹ is anchovy, and Reynolds ¹⁰ is lamb :

¹ The Master of the St. James's Coffee-house, where the Doctor, and the Friends he has characterized in this Poem, held an occasional Club.

² Dr. Bernard, Dean of Derry in Ireland, author of many ingenious pieces.

³ Edmund Burke, Member for Wendover, and one of the greatest orators in this kingdom.

⁴ Mr. William Burke, late secretary to General Conway, and member for Bedwin.

⁵ Mr. Richard Burke, collector of Granada, no less remarkable in the walks of wit and humour than his brother Edmund Burke is justly distinguished in all branches of useful and polite literature.

⁶ [Richard Cumberland], author of the *West Indian*, *Fashionable Lover*, the *Brothers*, and other dramatic pieces.

⁷ Dr. Douglas, Canon of Windsor, an ingenious Scotch gentleman, who has no less distinguished himself as a *Citizen of the World*, than a *sound Critic*, in detecting several literary mistakes (or rather *forgeries*) of his countrymen: particularly Lauder on Milton, and Bower's *History of the Popes*.

⁸ David Garrick, Esq., joint Patentee and acting Manager of the Theatre Royal, Drury lane. For the *other parts* of his character, *vide* the Poem.

⁹ Counsellor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to the Irish bar, the *relish* of whose agreeable and pointed conversation is admitted, by his acquaintance, to be very properly compared to the above sauce.

¹⁰ Sir Joshua Reynolds, President of the Royal Academy.

That Hickey's ¹ a capon, and by the same rule,
 Magnanimous Goldsmith a goosberry fool :
 At a dinner so various, at such a repast,
 Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last :
 Here, waiter, more wine, let me sit while I'm able,
 'Till all my companions sink under the table ;
 Then with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
 Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good Dean, reunited to earth,
 Who mixt reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth :
 If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt,
 At least, in six weeks, I could not find 'em out ;
 Yet some have declar'd, and it can't be denied 'em,
 That sly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
 We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much ;
 Who, born for the Universe, narrow'd his mind,
 And to party gave up, what was meant for mankind.
 Tho' fraught with all learning, kept straining his throat
 To persuade Tommy Townshend ² to lend him a vote ;
 Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
 And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining ;
 Tho' equal to all things, for all things unfit ;
 Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit ;
 For a patriot too cool ; for a drudge, disobedient ;
 And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.
 In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd, or in play, sir,
 To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honest William, whose heart was a mint,
 While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was in't ;
 The pupil of impulse, it forc'd him along,
 His conduct still right, with his argument wrong ;
 Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,
 The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home ;
 Would you ask for his merits ; alas ! he had none,
 What was good was spontaneous, his faults were his own.

¹ An eminent Attorney, whose hospitality and good humour have acquired him, in this Club, the title of "honest Tom Hickey."

² Mr. T. Townshend, Member for Whitchurch.

Eighteenth-Century Poems

Here lies honest Richard ¹ whose fate I must sigh at,
Alas ! that such frolic should now be so quiet !
What spirits were his, what wit and what whim,
Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb ;
Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball,
Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all ?
In short, so provoking a Devil was Dick,
That we wish'd him full ten times a day at Old Nick,
But missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

Here Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
The Terence of England, the mender of hearts ;
A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
And comedy wonders at being so fine ;
Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out,
Or rather like tragedy giving a rout.
His fools have their follies so lost in a croud
Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud ;
And coxcombs alike in their failings alone,
Adopting his portraits, are pleas'd with their own.
Say, where has our poet this malady caught,
Or wherefore his characters thus without fault ?
Say, was it that vainly directing his view,
To find out men's virtues and finding them few,
Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
He grew lazy at last and drew from himself ?

Here Douglas retires from his toils to relax,
The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks :
Come, all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,
Come and dance on the spot where your tyrant re-
clines,
When Satire and Censure encircl'd his throne,
I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own ;
But now he is gone, and we want a detector,

¹ Mr. Richard Burke. This gentleman having slightly fractured one of his arms and legs, at different times, the Doctor has rallied him on those accidents, as a kind of *retributive* justice for hearing his jests upon other people.

1771-1780

Our Dodds ¹ shall be pious, our Kenricks ² shall lecture ;
 Macpherson ³ write bombast, and call it a style,
 Our Townshend make speeches, and I shall compile ;
 New Lauders and Bowers the Tweed shall cross over,
 No countryman living their tricks to discover ;
 Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
 And Scotchman meet Scotchman, and cheat in the dark.

Here lies David Garrick, describe him who can,
 An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man ;
 As an actor, confest without rival to shine,
 As a wit, if not first, in the very first line,
 Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
 The man had his failings—a dupe to his art ;
 Like an ill judging beauty, his colours he spread,
 And be-plaister'd, with rouge, his own natural red.
 On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting,
 'Twas only that, when he was off, he was acting :
 With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
 He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day ;
 Tho' secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
 If they were not his own by finessing and trick ;
 He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
 For he knew when he pleas'd he could whistle them
 back.

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
 And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame ;
 Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
 Who pepper'd the highest, was surest to please.
 But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
 If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
 Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys,⁴ and Woodfalls ⁵ so grave,
 What a commerce was yours, while you got and you
 gave !

¹ The Rev. Dr. Dodd.

² Mr. Kenrick lately read lectures at the Devil Tavern, under the Title of "The School of Shakespeare."

³ James Macpherson, Esq., who lately, from the mere *force of his style*, wrote down the first poet of all antiquity.

⁴ Hugh Kelly, Esq. : Author of False Delicacy, Word to the Wise, Clementina, School for Wives, &c. &c.

⁵ Mr. William Woodfall, Printer of the Morning Chronicle.

Eighteenth-Century Poems

How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you rais'd,
While he was be-roscius'd, and you were be-prais'd ?
But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel, and mix with the skies :
Those poets, who owe their best fame to his skill,
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will ;
Old Shakspeare, receive him, with praise and with love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above,

Here Hickey reclines, a most blunt, pleasant creature
And slander itself must allow him good nature ;
He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper ;
Yet one fault he had, and that was a thumper.
Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser ?
I answer, no, no, for he always was wiser :
Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat ;
His very worst foe can't accuse him of that.
Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
And so was too foolishly honest ; ah no !
Then what was his failing ? come, tell it, and burn ye,—
He was, could he help it ? a special attorney.

Here Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind ;
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand ;
His manners were gentle, complying and bland ;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart :
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judg'd without skill he was still hard of
hearing ;
When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Coreggios, and
stuff,
He shifted his trumpet,¹ and only took snuff.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

¹ Sir Joshua Reynolds was so remarkably deaf as to be under the necessity of using an ear-trumpet in company ; he is, at the same time, equally remarkable for taking a great quantity of snuff : his manner in both of which, taken in the point of time described, must be allowed, by those who have been witnesses of such a scene, to be as happily given upon *paper* as that great Artist himself perhaps could have exhibited upon *canvas*.

1771-1780

A PRAYER, LIVING AND DYING

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee !
Let the Water and the Blood,
From thy riven Side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure ;
Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfill thy Law's demands :
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone :
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring ;
Simply to thy Cross I cling ;
Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace :
Foul, I to the Fountain fly :
Wash me, Savior, or I die !

While I draw this fleeting breath—
When my eye-strings break in death—
When I soar to worlds unknown—
See Thee on thy judgment-throne—
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee !

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

[LINES ON THE DEATH OF MR. LEVETT]

1782

CONDEMN'D to Hope's delusive mine,
As on we toil from day to day,
By sudden blast or slow decline,
Our social comforts drop away.

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Eighteenth-Century Poems

Well try'd through many a varying year,
See *Levett* to the grave descend ;
Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of ev'ry friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills Affection's eye,
Obscurely wise, and coarsely kind,
Nor, letter'd arrogance, deny
Thy praise to merit unrefin'd.

When fainting Nature call'd for aid,
And hov'ring Death prepar'd the blow,
His vigorous remedy display'd
The pow'r of art without the show.

In Misery's darkest caverns known,
His ready help was ever nigh,
Where hopeless Anguish pours his groan,
And lonely want retir'd to die.

No summons mock'd by chill delay,
No petty gains disdain'd by pride ;
The modest wants of ev'ry day
The toil of ev'ry day supply'd.

His virtues walk'd their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void ;
And sure th' Eternal Master found
His single talent well employ'd.

The busy day, the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by ;
His frame was firm, his powers were bright,
Though now his eightieth year was nigh.

Then, with no throbs of fiery pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed his soul the nearest way.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

NOTES

- p. 9. *Les Estreines*. "Title and date from music book"—note in *The Writings of Matthew Prior*, edited by A. R. Wailer. Cambridge, 1905.
- p. 45. *A Better Answer*. Prior wrote two other poems on this subject; the first is entitled *Cloe Jealous*, the second *Answer to Cloe Jealous*.
- p. 46. *Sing to the Lord with joyfull Voice*. Better known in J. Wesley's version, beginning with the second verse as

Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye Nations, bow with sacred joy

The rest of the hymn is identical with Watts, except for the omission of his first and fourth stanzas. Wesley's version first appeared in *A Collection of Psalms and Hymns*, Charles-town, 1737.

- p. 47. *Psalm xc*. Slightly altered by C. Wesley, the first line of stanza i reading,

O God, our help in Ages past,
the first line of stanza ii,

Beneath the shadow of thy Throne.

Stanzas iv, vi, and viii of Watts are omitted.

- p. 53. *A Letter*. This poem was first printed in Prior's *Miscellaneous Works* (dated 1740, but published in 1739) by his executor, Adrian Drift, who appears to have transcribed the contents of the volume for the press from original MSS. found among Prior's papers. His fifth line runs, "In double beauty say your pray'r." But in October 1739, as Dr. Paget Toynbee pointed out in *The Times Literary Supplement* of October 21, 1915, Richard West sent Horace Walpole a transcript of the poem (from Drift's text) in which he quotes this line as "In double duty say your prayer"; with a marginal comment "'tis printed Beauty; it must be wrong." West's emendation so evidently restores the necessary point to the line, and the origin of the mistake in a posthumously transcribed and printed poem is so obvious, that no hesitation has been felt about the adoption of "duty" in the present text.

Notes

- p. 54. *On the setting up Mr. Butler's Monument.* The monument was set up in 1721. This epigram is included in *Poems on Several Occasions*, 1736, by Samuel Wesley (the younger); but the preface reads, "There are a few verses in this Collection, which the Author of the rest cannot lay claim to as his own."

- p. 54. *Epitaph Extempore.* Another version of the first couplet is,

Heralds and statesmen, by your leave
Here lye the bones of Matthew Prior.

From *A New Collection of Poems . . . by Mr. Prior and others*, 1725.

- p. 54. *Epitaph on Tom D'Urfey.* T. D'Urfey, b. 1653, d. 1723. author of a collection of songs entitled *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, and described by Addison as "a diverting companion."
- p. 55. *Epigram on the Feuds.* . . . In *Miscellanies in Verse*, 1727 (vol. iv of Pope and Swift's *Miscellanies*), is a fragment,
Epigram on the Feuds about Handel and Bononcini.

Strange! all this Difference shou'd be
"Twixt Tweedle-Dum and Tweedle-Dee!

- p. 62. *The Country Walk: Clio.* Mrs. Martha Sansom, d. 1736. The *Egeria* of a literary circle, including, among others, Savage, Aaron Hill, Mallet, Thomson, and Dyer. "Everywhere admired for her wit." She contributed to the *Miscellanies* of Savage and Anthony Hammond, published a book of poems entitled *The Epistles of Clio to Strephon* (1720) in praise of Platonic love, and under the name of Mira, prefixed a complimentary poem to the first edition of Thomson's *Winter*.
- p. 78. *Kind Lady Suffolk*: the blanks, except the words *Queen*, *Princess*, and *Medals*, have been filled up from Faulkner's collected edition of 1746, where they appear so filled for the first time. (The Works of Jonathan Swift, D.D., D.S.P.D., in eight volumes . . . Dublin, 1746.)
- p. 80. *Vice if it e'er can be abash'd . . . a Duke*: these six lines are from the second edition of 1731.
- p. 80. *And, since you dread*: this last couplet is from the second edition of 1731.
- p. 83. *From a Hint in the Minor Poets.* See note on "*On the Setting up Mr. Butler's Monument.*" This poem is marked in the index with *, but has no further explanation.
- p. 83. *A Pipe of Tobacco.* Date 1735. The first edition was published in 1736, but for the date 1735 I am indebted to the courtesy of Mr. H. F. B. Brett-Smith, who permitted me to read the Introduction to his edition of Hawkins Browne while it was in proof.

Notes

- p. 83. *Six Several Authors*. Cibber, A. Philips, Thomson, Young, Pope, Swift.
- p. 84. *The Spleen*. What Gildon sells: "The Complete Art of Poetry," by Charles Gildon, 1718.
- p. 85. *At Meeting*: Green was a Quaker.
- p. 88. *As men at land*: at is probably a misprint for on, caught up from the other "at's" in this and the following line.
- p. 92. *Hark how all the welkin rings*: the better known opening couplet,

Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King,

first appeared in G. Whitefield's *A Collection of Hymns for Social Worship*, 1755.

- p. 95. *Admiral Hosier's Ghost*. Vice-Admiral Francis Hosier (1673-1727) blockaded Porto Bello with his squadron in 1726. A virulent fever, which continued in the spring and summer of 1727 while the fleet was blockading Havana or Vera Cruz, carried off some 4,000 men; Hosier himself died of it on August 25, 1727. This disaster was still fresh in the memory of the nation when war was declared on Spain twelve years later. Admiral Edward Vernon (1684-1757) came off Porto Bello with six ships on the night of November 20, 1739. Next morning he bombarded and stormed the Iron Castle commanding the entrance to the harbour, his flagship, the *Burford*, taking a conspicuous part in the action; the other forts and the town surrendered at discretion on the following day.

Glover's ballad illustrates not only the popular enthusiasm over Vernon's victory, but the political prejudice which made capital out of Hosier's fate by representing him as having died of a broken heart, owing to the inactivity forced upon him by the Government, and the consequent death of so many of his men.

- p. 97. *God Save great George our King*. Composed in 1740. The copy nearest to that date is in *Harmonia Anglicana* of 1742 or 1743 (London, n.d.). "In 1745 it became publicly known by being sung at the theatres as 'a loyal song or anthem.' The Pretender was proclaimed at Edinburgh September 16, and the first appearance of 'God Save the King' was at Drury Lane Sept. 28th."—Groves' *Dictionary of Music*. It was printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, October 1745, in the form used to-day.
- p. 109. *Ode to Evening*. *brawling*: the more generally adopted reading *solemn* is from Dodsley's Collection, 1748.
- p. 130. *Castle of Indolence*: Stanza lvii. Mr. Paterson, Thomson's successor as Surveyor-General of the Leeward Islands.

Notes

- p. 131 Stanza lx. Dr. Armstrong, author of *The Art of Preserving Health*.
- p. 132. Stanza lxii. John Forbes.
- p. 133. Stanza lxvi. Lord Lyttelton. See p. 81.
Hagley Park : Lyttelton's seat.
- p. 133. Stanza lxvii. Quin, the actor.
- p. 133. Stanza lxviii. Thomson himself. This stanza was written by Lyttelton.
- p. 134. Stanza lxix. Dr. Patrick Murdoch, Thomson's earliest editor.
- p. 136. Stanzas lxxv *et seqq.* The first edition affords no indication that these stanzas were not by Thomson. They were written by Dr. Armstrong, and were first published separately in *Miscellanies* by John Armstrong, M.D., 1770, under the title "*An Imitation of Spencer*." Written at Mr. Thomson's desire, to be inserted into the Castle of Indolence."
- p. 141. *The School Mistress*. Stanza xv, line 7, *would*. Dodsley's text, by an evident misprint, has *would*.
- p. 147. *In a Lady's Sherlock*. William Sherlock's *A Practical Discourse concerning Death*, 1692.
- p. 150, line 4. *Heidegger* : John James Heidegger, a native of Switzerland, the introducer of masquerades, and many years manager of the Italian opera. He died in 1749.
- p. 150. *A Little Wish*. This poem, from the first edition of vol. iv of Dodsley's Collection, does not appear in the subsequent editions of 1763, 1775, and 1782.
- p. 156. *Christmas Day*. The title is taken from *The Poems of John Byrom*, edited by A. Ward, and published by the Chetham Society (vol. 34. N.S.).
- p. 160. *Fill me a Bowl*. *The Musical Miscellany* (n.d.) from which this song is taken also contains some poems of the seventeenth century, but the song is also to be found in *The Sports of the Muses*, 1760, and *The Wreath*, fifth edition, 1757; the presumption that it is of eighteenth century authorship is therefore strong.
- p. 161. *thy bleating care* : text misprints *the*.
- p. 162. *Epistle from Thomas Hearn* : erroneously ascribed, in all complete editions of his poems, to Thomas Warton the younger. A letter from Joseph to Thomas Warton, July 5, 1769, reads: "This morning we have been reading at one of the bookseller's shops 'The Oxford Sausage' . . . and truly I see my verses to you as an Antiquary . . ." (*Biographical Memoirs of the late Revd. Joseph Warton D.D.*, by the Rev. John Wooll A.M., 1806.)

The verses here quoted appeared in *The Oxford Sausage*, a collection of humorous topical Oxford verse edited by Thomas Warton in 1760.

Notes

Thomas Hearne, b. 1678, d. 1735.

The Companion. . . . "A Companion to the Guide, and a Guide to the Companion; being a Complete Supplement to all the Accounts of Oxford hitherto published The whole interspersed with original Anecdotes, and interesting Discoveries, occasionally resulting from the Subject . . ." Oxford, n.d. The generally accepted date for all three editions is 1760.

- p. 162. *Verses sent by Lord Melcombe*. The verses were sent with the following letter: "La Trappe, Oct. 27th, 1761. Dear Sir, You seemed to like the ode I sent you for your amusement: I now send it to you as a present. If you please to accept of it, and are willing that our friendship should be known when we are gone, you will be pleased to leave this among those of your own papers that may possibly see the light by a posthumous publication. God send us health while we stay and an easy journey! My dear Dr. Young, Yours most cordially, Melcombe."
- p. 163. *The Ghost*. *Pomposo*: Dr. Johnson.
- p. 165. *Gotham*. *The first*: James I.
- p. 170. *A Song to David*. Twenty-six stanzas in all have been omitted.
- p. 182. *Thou [th]at*: the first edition has *Thou at*.
- p. 186. *fancy cold*: "bold" is an obvious correction, but I have not been able to find any text to sanction it.
- p. 187. *Arglwydd, Arwain Trwy'r Anialwch*: Lord, guide through the wilderness. "First published in 1745 in Welsh. Translated into English in 1771 by Peter Williams (*Hymns on Various Subjects*). Translated by the author into English in 1771 and published as a leaflet in 1772, the first stanza of Peter Williams' translation being retained."—*Julian, Dictionary of Hymnology*. The original leaflet is in neither the British Museum nor the Bodleian.
- p. 188. *Prayer for Indifference* Said to have been written in 1753 N. & Q., 12 S. x.
- p. 195. *When my eye-strings break*: in T. Cotterill's *A Selection of Psalms and Hymns for Public Worship*, 1820, the reading "mine eyelids close," with many other alterations less felicitous, appears for the first time.
- p. 195. *On the death of Mr. Levett*. From Boswell. "In one of his memorandum-books in my possession, is the following entry: 'January 20, Sunday. Robert Levett was buried in the church-yard of Bridewell, between one and two in the afternoon. He died on Thursday 17, about seven in the morning, by an instantaneous death. He was an old and faithful friend; I have known him from about 46. Commendavi. May God have mercy on him. May he have mercy on me.'"

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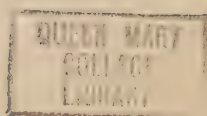
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